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REJECTED.

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Few and low were the words he spoke,
Cold and cruel the curt replies;
A stifled moan from the quivering lips,
And a strange light filled his eyes.

For in that little moment of time
The hopes of his life had paled;
He had dared to speak—he had cast the die—
He had dared, and he had failed.

Failed! 'Tis a bitter word.
Failed! Oh, a proud heart's pain!
He had failed in the venture of all his life,
Never to try again.

The star he had sailed by for years
In the Heaven of Love grew dim;
Down fathoms deep his shallop sank,
And the waves swept over him.

What did this proud man do?
Sink down in his wild despair,
Mutter nonsensical nothings, skip 'round
And tug away at his hair?

No! Nothing at all of the kind,
I wouldn't have you think;
He looked around for his hat and his gloves,
And rushed out and—took a drink.

And that night, as he pulled off his boots,
Unto him there came the thought
That still in the sea there swam as good fish
As had ever yet been caught.

J. H. B.

HANDSOME ANDRE;
OR,
THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER V.
THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

The next day Robert was vastly improved. The doctor, even, was astonished to find his patient in such a promising condition, and allowed him to feast on chicken-broth.

Andre descended to the dining-hall and ordered his own breakfast. When he offered to pay for it, however, the host refused the money.

"What! Handsome Andre pay for the courtesies of my home? What would my friend Laberlue say if he heard I had done such a thing? No, my boy. Keep your golden crowns for a better occasion. But, by the way," said he, as if the thought had only just come to him, "why are you not at your uncle's?"

"Oh, there's a little trouble in the family," replied Andre.

"In what family?" asked the innkeeper.

"Why, my uncle's. That is, between him and me."

"What's this? You haven't left your uncle's house?"

"No, I didn't leave it; he drove me out."

"Drove you out? What did he do that for?"

"Because he thinks my songs against the cardinal will compromise and ruin him. He forbade me writing such things, or singing them, and I ——"

"Sent him to the devil in your usual style, I understand. Oh, you're a rare fellow, Andre, and your songs are jolly songs indeed. I sing them myself sometimes, and I always laugh when they are sung." The host gave way to a broad grin, and chanted a couple of bars of a jovial drinking-song; but suddenly the pleasant look vanished from his features, and a frown asserted itself between his eyes. "After all, Laberlue is right," said he, "and you were ungrateful in disobeying him. For my part, I shall not be your accomplice. Don't count on me hereafter for encouragement or shelter."

"There," thought Andre, "goes another door shut in my face."

But he took it all gayly.

"Bah! I shall not die of hunger, for all that," said he, laughing in the face of the grave host.

Leaving the room, he hastened to the apartments of Robert.

"Monsieur," said he, "have you any need of me for a short time?"

"No," said Robert. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I find it necessary to give a little time to my own affairs. To eat, drink and sleep are, unfortunately, inseparable necessities of existence, and I haven't a crown in all in my pocket."

"What matters that to you?" said Robert. "Mine are full of pistoles."

"Keep them there, monsieur—you will need them all to rescue your Irene."

"What! After the service you have rendered me, you refuse to ——"

"I neither refuse nor accept, monsieur. If I am pushed to extremes, I will not be backward in making a breach in your little treasure, rest assured of that."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try my fortune, monsieur."

"May I ask another service of you, then?" asked Robert.

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Stop at my lodgings, and send hither the old man who is there. He was an old servant of my father, and is much attached to me. Break the news of my injury to him gently, for he is old, and a sudden shock might do him harm."

Andre ran off to do his errand, and in a short time returned with the old servant, who took charge of the patient. Then, promising to return shortly, he left the house with a boyish run, hurrying away rapidly from the inn, but without the slightest idea of where he was going.

Mechanically he had followed the Rue St. Denis for a short distance, when he perceived not far away a great crowd of people, many richly dressed and fine ladies, who all seemed to be going in the same direction, along one of the cross streets. He followed this crowd, and was led to the fair grounds of St. Laurent. Certainly it was chance that had thrown him in this procession, for surely it was not a joyful heart that led him to such a place. The fair of St. Laurent occupied a vast space, and was a most extensive affair. It opened each year on the 9th of August, and terminated on the 29th of September. It occupied the immense square between the Faubourg St. Denis and the Faubourg Poissonere, which was the property of the priestly order of the Lazarists, whose priory was located near the Church of St. Laurent.

Every sort of show or novelty of whatever description that might attract the multitude found a place there. All Paris in its sight-seeing mood went there, for there was everything novel, and every form of amusement, even to a theatre—a theatre, too, which was beginning to make a fame for itself. It had already excited the jealousy of the Brothers of the Passion and of the actors at the regular theatre, to which establishment the little troupe was compelled to pay an annual indemnity of two crowns for the privilege of existing at all.

A few rough buildings, which had been erected on permission of the authorities, to be used only during the fair, had been pierced in their centre, and, as no one interfered with them, the festival might be said to have neither beginning nor end. Among those rude buildings was the theatre of which we have spoken, and whose renown had spread through Paris. Among its favorite actors was a certain Jerome Pointu, whose buffooneries and witty sayings in the plays (which were mostly skeletons, pieced together and sketched on to extemporize the dialogue within the limits only of a stated plot) had won him great favor. He was supported by a Mlle. Colombine, with jet-black hair, a bright, provoking eye, a fine, lithe form, a sweet, singing voice, and the grace of a fairy. Andre had heard of all these marvels but, in consequence of the somewhat arbitrary rule of his Uncle Laberlue, he had never had an opportunity to see them. So, while the crowd spread itself out over the grounds on every hand, according to its tastes, he went directly to the theatre, determined to sacrifice his supper to the enjoyment of the famous spectacle. The place was deserted, but on a placard posted on the door was written the announcement that a performance would be given at half-past six o'clock. It was now only three o'clock; so the young man was about to retire when, through the thin and ill-joined planks which made the walls of the Thespian edifice, he heard a female voice exclaim:

"Why, it is surely Andre!"

He stopped. Surely, he knew the tones of that voice. But where he had heard it before he could not recall. Vainly he was racking his brain for an explanation of the mystery, when a little side-door opened, and a man of about thirty approached him with extended hand,

"Andre, my dear friend," cried he.

"Jerome," said the youngster, recognizing him with a joyous smile, "what are you doing here, and where have you been for the past three years? I've lost sight of you altogether."

"Oh, so many things have happened since we parted that I can't tell them all in a breath. And there is no opportunity just now, for my sister is waiting for me. You remember her?"

"Remember little Jeanette? Why shouldn't I remember her?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the brother. "I used to think, when you were children, that you two were in love."

"And so we were. And I haven't forgotten her yet, nor she me, for it was her voice I heard a moment ago pronouncing my name—I am sure of it. But where is she? Why didn't she come out to shake hands with me, like you? She must be a young woman now."

"Yes, she's nineteen," said Jerome.

"Ah! she must be lovely by this time."

"You shall judge for yourself," said the brother.

CHAPTER VI.
ANDRE MAKES A SENSATIONAL DEBUT.

"Jeanette?" cried he aloud.

At this same moment the door opened, and a young girl of bewildering beauty appeared. Andre immediately ran to her, and without more ado seized her in his arms, and administered several resounding kisses to her ruddy cheeks and ripe lips. The girl made no attempt to defend herself. On the contrary, she seemed rather pleased with the form of salutation.

"I was quite sure I was not mistaken," said she to Jerome after Andre had thus renewed the acquaintance.

"But why do I find you at the fair of St. Laurent, and, above all, in this theatre?" asked the stripling.

"That, my friend, involves quite a history," replied Jerome. "Have you the time to hear it?"

"I have the time for anything that pleases me. Last night my uncle drove me out of doors, and I have determined never to return to his house."

"The deuce!" said Jerome, rubbing his nose fiercely, as if the news provoked him. "But we will talk of that by-and-bye. Come with us."

With these words he took the arm of Andre and led him into a little apartment partitioned off with coarse cotton hangings, through which could be seen the joints of the rough planks that formed the back wall of the theatre. Here and there nails had been driven into the rough wall, and from them hung a number of female costumes of very flashy colors.

"This is my little box," said Jeanette emphatically, alluding to the room.

"Your box?" repeated Andre, much astonished.

"Hold your curiosity a while and listen to me," said Jerome. "You remember our father used to have the shop next door to your uncle's. He did a good trade, no doubt, but he was a high liver and enjoyed life thoroughly; so, when at last he died, about three years ago, we were assailed by creditors headed by Crochut the usurer, who was our landlord. I had been aware in advance of the condition of my father's affairs, and had prepared to make the business go by dint of strict economy. My father owed three months' rent of the shop. I sought Crochut, and stated my intention to pay up all, and asked him for time to put my economical projects into effect. He laughed in my face, and demanded instant payment. A week after, he sold our household goods, and we were turned into the street. If I had been alone I would not have cared, for I was young, strong; but I had my little sister Jeanette to care for, and she was not seventeen then. I wiped away her tears and we went away proudly, complaining to no one of our distresses. Ah, but it was hard, my dear Andre, to leave our friends without saying adieu, and abandon the house where we were born. But there was no help for it. My father having been a wig-maker, you know, I knew all the hair-dressers of our quarter, and got a place as a journeyman for the asking; but my modest earnings barely sufficed to buy our bread. Luckily, Providence came to our aid in the shape of a stout man of about fifty years, whom I shaved every day, and who was the manager of a company of strolling players. He discovered that I was spirited, gay, quick at a joke, and shrewd at repartee. He proposed that I should give up the lather-brush and razor to take up a position in his company, and offered me thirty livres a month. That sum was six times my salary as a hair-dresser's assistant. I was eager to accept; but what was to become of Jeanette? I explained my embarrassment to the kind manager.

"'Is your sister pretty?' asked he.

"'I think her lovely, monsieur,' I answered.

"'Lively, gay, spirituelle, well made?' inquired he.

"'She is, sir,' said I.

"'Then she will just suit me,' said the manager. 'Bring her to me and I will pay her twenty livres a month, and instruct her in the business. But from this moment you must stop calling her Jeanette. That is too rustic. We will name her Colombine instead.'

"'Agreed,' said I without a moment's thought.

"'Think of that, Andre. Six hundred livres a year for us two! We thought we were floating on the golden Pactolus. Three days after, we were on the road. For two years we traveled in the provinces, I playing the comic parts, and Jeanette figuring as one of the soubrettes, making many successes and saving some money. At last, eight months ago, we arrived in Paris and set up our booth in the fair of St. Laurent. The morning after our first performance here, a message came from the theatre of Bourgogne making an offer of a hundred livres a month for our services. I communicated this proposition to our manager, who simply replied: 'I'll give you a hundred and fifty.' We got a written contract from him to this effect, and since that day we have lived in luxury. We have apartments in the city, and a servant to attend us, and the King doesn't live better than we do."

"Well, you are fortunate," said Andre, thoroughly astonished.

"You shall see the performance to-night," continued Jerome. "You shall see me, and judge for yourself what my talents are. And you shall see Colombine act and dance. All Paris is in a rage about her already."

"What! Does Jeanette dance on the stage?" said Andre with a frown.

"Yes, and divinely too," said Jerome. "And her figure is better than that of any of the Italian artists whom she rivals."

"But I don't like that, Jerome. There's something very unpleasant to me in the idea of Jeanette dancing on the stage before the Parisian mob."

"What! Are you jealous of the public?" asked Jerome.

"Why not?" said Andre. "Am I not her earliest friend, and did we not have certain very pleasant projects for our future, which only your disappearance prevented being realized?"

"That's true," answered Jerome thoughtfully.

"Well, has your good-fortune turned your head? Have you changed your mind?"

"Not at all."

"And Jeanette?"

"Jeanette," said Colombine, coming forward, "will always love Andre. She would not be seen by him in the dress of a ballerina; but she wished to accumulate a little wedding-portion before she reminded him of the promise he made her in the past."

"You have not forgotten it, then?" said Andre with radiant joy. "Then I'm the happiest man in the kingdom to-day. Ah, but Heaven my uncle turned me out-of-doors last night!"

"But," said Jerome, "how are you to get out of your difficulties? How are you to live?"

"We'll talk of that after supper," said the fair Colombine. "You will be our guest, Andre? We will sup to-night in our apartments after our work is done."

"And meantime you shall wait and see the performance," said Jerome. "Unfortunately, though, our principal comedian—Leander—is sick and can't perform to-night."

"Why, he?" asked Andre.

"He's the lover of Colombine, you know."

"What! Jeanette's lover?" said the young man in a rage.

"Oh, in the pieces we play in—that's all, I assure you. But I think—Why not?" said Jerome with a sudden thought. "You are young and fine-looking. With a little practice, you might ——"

"Might what?" asked Andre.

"Play the lover yourself. All you would have to do would be to appear with Jeanette, and make love to her and sing a song or two together."

"I could do that," said Andre. "If I am only required to make love to her, I give way to no actor in the world."

"Come to the manager, then. We'll see what he thinks of it."

The manager saw at a glance that the new Leander was the superior of the old as regarded looks, figure, and voice, and was shrewd enough to give those qualities precedence over talent at that early day in the history of the drama. Andre was engaged at once, and the rest of the day was devoted to his instruction in the details of his part, which, truth to say, were not severe, and might have been easily learned by a person of much less aptness and ambition than the real lover of Jeanette was undoubtedly possessed of. At six o'clock he was perfect in his part, or felt himself so, and was delighted with his new business, which brought him into so close a companionship with the fair Jeanette. The impatient crowd was heard clamoring already without, and the receipts promised to be immense. And they were, for when the doors were opened a crowd of eager spectators rushed into the long, narrow building, and filled it in every part. Looking through the stage-curtain, in which two holes had been cut to allow the performers to gratify their curiosity, Jeanette designated the regular attendants among the audience.

"There is Monsieur De Treville, captain of the King's musketeers, there the Marquis of Villebrune, a leader of the plebeian party—an advocate of the Fronde. The lady beside him is the Duchess de Longueville."

Jerome came up at this moment, to take his glance at the audience.

"Ah! this is going to be a stormy evening," said he. "I see in the audience to-night many more Royalists than Frondeurs. The two parties recognize each other, and are measuring their relative powers already. I'm afraid there will be trouble. But the manager has secured the money, and got it in a safe place. We must be prepared for a retreat, too. In case of any trouble," said he to his sister, "remember, no delay, but hasten at once to our lodgings."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the signal was given and the curtain was drawn aside. A murmur of satisfaction was heard, followed by a religious silence. The play commenced. It was called "The Comedy of Songs," and its plot had been devised in 1640, and numerous actors had clothed it in dialogue of varying wit, and consequently it had met with varying success during the twelve years of its existence. It had the merit of being always fresh, however, since only its plot was old, and public curiosity could always be piqued to learn how a new actor or a new company of actors would treat the subject—with what "quips and quirks and wanton wiles" they would trick out the bare bones that the dramatist had furnished, and which had grown yellow with age. Jerome was in fine spirits, and Colombine was never more sprightly or coquettish. But the new Leander astonished everyone. His jests were of the freshest, his manners the most graceful, and his lines the most appropriate that could have been selected to carry out the plot. And in all the ways of love-making, the raillery, the coquetry, the thousand and one little ways of the enraptured swain, he was voted on all hands superb. The house was in ecstacies with him. The rival parties petted and applauded him as if each would win him over to its cause. And when Andre sang the pastoral songs called for by the rustic style of the character he had assumed, his voice was found sweet and remarkably musical; and, more than all, his songs seemed new, and many of the verses extemporized. There was a political sting under some of them, it appeared, and both sides of the audience were anxious to develop it. Finally, towards the end of the play, Andre, increasing in audacity as his success grew, and feeling more and more at home on the little stage, burst out in a ringing voice with his most satirical song against Cardinal Mazarin. The members of the plebeian party in the audience were wild with joy, and encouraged Andre, who bravely sang it through, giving the obnoxious terms the proper emphasis. The Royalists were furious, and the daring amateur was rewarded with a storm of cheers and hisses. An indescribable tumult ensued. The audience resolved itself into two distinct parties. One gathered about Captain De Treville, the other about the Marquis of Villebrune. The first was composed of Royalists, the second of Frondeurs. The contest could result in only one way, however, for the plebeian party were unarmed, while the Royalists had their rapiers and poniards. As soon as they drew these, there was a grand rush of the mob from the theatre, without a drop of blood being spilled, although many hard knocks had been exchanged.

Masters of the field, the Royalists wished to crown their victory by arresting the pastoral Leander of the play who had dared to descend to political anachronism in his interpretation of his part. With this design they invaded the stage, and searched every corner of the little theatre with the most minute care. But the search was fruitless. Manager, actors, assistants, all had disappeared, as if by some enchantment of their mimic scene.

The Marquis had attempted alone to brave the storm, but his friends had prudently intervened, and carried him off, so that the battle was no battle after all.

The valiant Captain Treville was not easily consoled at this state of affairs.

"Search the city," said he to a few of his soldiers and a party of his friends, "and, at any cost, bring in the young rogue who has committed this unpardonable offense. You will find me in front of the little stone building, on the corner of the faubourg and the boulavard, when you return."

THE SOCIETY DRAMA.
OPENING OF THE SEASON OF 1876-7.
Last Dress Rehearsal (under supervision of a fond mother before the company comes.

CHAPTER VII.
MADEMOISELLE CYDALISE.

After these words the Captain tramped off, swearing terribly, towards the house he had designated, which was only a short distance from the theatre.

This little house was a strange-appearing building. It seemed to have an indescribable, coquettish air. The Captain rapped lightly with the iron knocker, and a sprightly young woman appeared at the door.

"Is your mistress in?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir; she is waiting for you." She closed the door and ushered him into a small parlor on the ground floor, lighted by a number of waxen tapers. My mistress will be with you in a moment, monsieur," said the pert young woman as she left the room.

Shortly after, a fresh and pretty young woman entered, and Treville arose and graciously pressed his lips to her hand.

"Thank Heaven, Mademoiselle Colombine, you are safe. And your brother Jerome—did he escape safe from the tumult? You see, my dear child, my first care was to come and see that you were safe."

"I thank you, monsieur," replied the young lady. "Jerome led me home the moment the quarrel broke out."

"It was nothing, after all," said the Captain. "Only a few blows exchanged, and not a drop of blood spilled."

"Ah, thank Heaven!" she sighed, and appeared to breathe more freely after this assurance.

"But as for the author of the disturbance, he will bear the punishment of the guilty ones who have escaped, if we can only lay hands on him!" said the Captain fiercely, and with a menacing gesture.

"What! Our poor Leander?" pleaded the young woman.

"Yes. I have given orders to the musketeers to scour the city and bring him in, dead or alive. And I have come here for one thing, to get some information from you regarding him."

"I am at your orders, monsieur."

"Where did this Leander come from? Who is he? I never saw him play in your company before to-night."

"No, monsieur. To-night was the very first time he had ever set foot on any stage."

"Not at all. I understood that the debutant offered himself yesterday morning to our manager as a substitute for our regular Leander, who is ill. He was taken on trial, and allowed to play for one night on a venture, to prevent a postponement of the performance."

"And what has become of him?"

"I do not know, I'm sure. I think he escaped with us through the side-door, but where he has gone I cannot say."

"I will make it my business to find out," said the Captain. "But we'll drop the rogue, and talk of ourselves. We sup together this evening, I believe."

"Yes, at my invitation."

"But alone, of course."

"Oh, no," said the young girl, laughing merrily. "We will have a merry company, and that will make the meal all the merrier for us."

"Whom do you expect?" asked Treville in a tone of gloomy disappointment.

"The Marquis of Villebrune, the Syndic Laberlue ——"

"What! That fat, ridiculous old draper who pursues you with his proposals of marriage?" asked the Captain, with intense disgust pictured on his face.

"The same, monsieur."

"Now, why will you invite such creatures?" said the soldier.

"Why, Laberlue is the oldest friend I have. You have no need to be jealous of him. He used to take me on his knee when I was a child."

"Then I may hope that some day ——"

"What?" asked the young woman, repressing her laughter and becoming suddenly serious.

"That I may finally move that hard heart of yours," said the Captain. "Will that bright, rebellious spirit ever submit to the yoke of Hymen?"

"Undoubtedly, monsieur; but I must find someone who would be willing to fix himself in the other half of the yoke first, and that is not Captain Treville, who would sacrifice his liberty in that fashion, I know," said the fair creature with another merry peal of laughter.

"I am not so sure of that. If I could only taste the sweetness of those lips once, there's no knowing to what slavery I would not bind myself. Only one kiss ——"

The Captain moved towards the young girl, who waved him off with mock-heroic gesture, saying, as she retreated slowly towards the door:

"Speak, monsieur! Presume not to touch me, or I summon my slaves to chastise thee!"

The Captain advanced resolutely, however, and the lady began to show signs of alarm, when there was a loud, silvery laugh in the hall, the door of the apartment was suddenly thrown open, and, with a great rustling of silk and flutter of ribbons, a lovely woman entered.

She appeared about twenty-six years of age, very fine in shape, tall, though somewhat inclined to embonpoint. Her features were remarkably regular, her eyes of extreme brilliancy, her teeth white, and displayed by a habitual smile, and altogether she was what any man would call a magnificent creature. Treville thought he had never seen such a beauty before.

Mademoiselle Colombine took the visitor by the hand and said:

"Monsieur, allow me to present to you Mlle. Cydalise, one of my dearest friends. We played together in the provinces, and she only arrived in Paris today, under engagement with the regular company at the Hotel de Bourgogne. I have invited her to sup with us, simply that she might know the charming Captain Treville."

The lady blushed and bowed, but was flattered. Cydalise pierced him with one of her glances, and bewildered him with a merry laugh as she bowed in return.

"By Jove! she is magnificent," thought he.

"Cydalise plays the coquettes, and she has made a great fame in her line already," observed Colombine.

"And occasionally I give tone to the travesties," added Cydalise in a sonorous voice.

"And you play them well, I have no doubt," said the Captain; "and I know of no person better qualified to properly represent the graces of the weaker sex so as to charm the stronger."

Cydalise bowed behind her fan, as if she were hiding a blush; but under the mask of this weapon of coquetry she shot a quick glance and a meaning smile at Colombine.

At this moment Jerome Pointu entered, ushering in the Marquis of Villebrune and Monsieur Laberlue. On seeing the stout draper, Cydalise gave a cunning little scream and manifested signs of fright.

"As to Laberlue, he appeared all petrified with admiration of the beautiful vision before him. Mlle. Colombine introduced Cydalise to the newcomers with the same formality that she had observed in presenting her to the Captain, and the magnificent stranger became the object of admiring glances all around. At the ordeal she appeared at first a little shy and somewhat embarrassed, we must do her the justice of saying that she speedily shook it off, and chatted as gayly with her new acquaintances as if she had known them for years. But from the first the most fascinating glances of the artist's dangerous eyes were directed at Laberlue. Their effect was soon visible. The vain vender of cloth and measurer of tape visibly hugged himself, in quiet self-gratulation that he was the favored one of so charming a woman. He offered himself as the escort of Cydalise to the table, and was accepted with the sweetest of smiles. The company was about to take places at the festive board, when the door was opened for a third time. A lady, very much flurried, entered, talking excitedly as she came, and never stopping to take breath between her sentences.

"I ask your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but the street is impassable. It is crowded with dragoons and musketeers. I have been obliged to take refuge in this house, where I beg you to give me asylum for a short time."

"What do you wish of me?" she asked with a mocking smile.

"I wish to tell you that I love you—that I adore you—that never have my eyes fallen on a lovelier creature."

"What! You say this, Monsieur Laberlue? You, a married man."

"But I'm not a married man."

"You don't mean to say that you are a bachelor?"

"No; I'm a widower—a widower without a wife or child, or any tie whatever. Will you share my love, my life, my home, my fortune, adorable angel?"

"Poor Laberlue! You are alone in the world, with no one to love you?"

"No one to love me," repeated the fat draper sentimentally.

"What! Not a relative or a friend?"

"No relative but a nephew, a wild, harum-scarum, rattle-brained, ungrateful hound, who is bringing my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"How old is your nephew, monsieur?"

"Twenty-two."

"What is his business?"

"Nothing. He did not earn his living, so I turned him out of doors only yesterday."

"You are wrong, monsieur. A man who does not help his relatives cannot love anyone."

"Can love no one, indeed, when I adore you?" said the draper ardently.

"Prove it to me, then," said his charmer with a provoking coolness.

"How?"

"By sending for the poor boy you have turned out, and by taking him back."

"But he will not work."

"What matters that?"

"He is lazy, idle, good for nothing."

"That makes no difference."

"And, besides, he is the very identical person who has written the villainous songs against the Cardinal that you sing."

"No matter what he has written or done," said Cydalise. "You can't love anyone if you treat him so cruelly."

"Well, I'll take him back, if that's the only way I can prove my love for you," said Laberlue.

"But come, now—bind the bargain with a kiss."

The draper put his arm about the waist of the magnificent creature (having grown bold under the influence of the wine he had drunk), and attempted to snatch a kiss from her ripe lips. There was a little scream, a struggle—the magnificent creature resisted, and administered a resounding cuff to either ear that made the old lover's head ring with strange melodies. He reeled, and finally fell in a sitting position on the floor, with a shock that fairly unsettled the foundations of the little house. This racket brought in the guests from the adjoining apartment, and the syndic found himself the ridiculous centre of a laughing circle. He (arose with an effort, keeping his eyes fixed with a look of astonish-

ment on the herculean female who had struck him, and who was laughing louder than all the rest of the company in enjoyment of the funny features of the situation.

The scene was changed, however, by the sudden appearance of Jerome, with a look of terror on his face.

"What has happened?" inquired the Duchess.

"Alas, madame, our house is besieged."

"By whom?"

"It is surrounded by the King's musketeers. We are lost."

"On the contrary," said the Duchess, "we are saved. Does not Captain Treville command the musketeers, and is not Captain Treville with us?"

"You are right, madame," said the Captain. "It was I who ordered the soldiers to make this building their rallying-point." Then, turning to Jerome, he said: "Tell the officer who commands the detachment to enter."

Jerome went out and returned with a young officer.

"Well," asked Treville, "have you captured the offender?"

"No, Captain. We have searched every house round about from cellar to garret."

"Every one of them?"

"All but this one."

"Well, then, you must search this one as well as the rest," ordered the Captain. "You will permit it, of course?" he continued, addressing Colombine.

The poor girl turned ghastly pale.

"But, monsieur," murmured she, "it is not possible that Leander ——"

Captain Treville noticed the young woman's great agitation.

"True, nothing is less probable, in fact," replied he; "but the rogue may have managed to slip in without your knowledge, and I am going to satisfy myself on that point, however."

With this he took a step forward.

"At least allow me to retire first, monsieur, before you begin the search," said the Duchess.

"At your pleasure, madame. Both you and the Marquis are at liberty to go. You have not supposed me capable of detaining either of you against your will, I hope." Then, turning to the officer, he said sternly: "Follow me, sir."

"But, Captain," pleaded Colombine.

"Fear nothing," said Treville. "I direct the search of your house in person in order that your property may be respected, and not even a pin may be missing. I pledge my word of honor."

With this promise he left the room.

Colombine trembled in every limb. Even Cydalise herself did not seem at all at her ease.

The officer returned shortly.

"What ails you?" she asked of Colombine.

"Alas, madame," said the young woman in a whisper, "I am overcome with fear. "He they seek and whom they would make prisoner stands before you—he is Cydalise. Save him, madame, I implore you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TOO MUCH JUSTICE,
OR A DOCTOR OF LAW CURED BY A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In a small city in the State of Michigan, and not far from Marshall, lives a venerable-looking personage, whose locks have been whitened by the frosts of about sixty Winters. In early days, when Michigan was quite new, the gentleman who is the subject of this little narrative came to the Wolverine State to reside; and, being of a very pious nature, and hard and long study having prepared him to attend to engage in preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of the neighboring settlements for a slight compensation, and thereby satisfy his spiritual as well as physical nature.

Years passed on, towns soon sprang up in the vicinity of our worthy friend's home; churches were erected, and pulpits supplied by ministers of later style and greater eloquence; and the result was that our worthy friend was thrown out of employment, and, not being used to manual labor, he was at times sorely pressed for the necessaries of life.

Now, the people of the city where our gray-haired dominie lived (for it had become a city), in consideration of the services rendered in early life, elected him Justice-of-the-peace. This city, like many another in the West, boasts of a great many fine horses, and some very speedy ones; and, almost any afternoon or evening, might be seen a number of sports with their flyers on the avenue, enjoying one of those good old drives, which puts new life and vigor into man, and which of itself they considered harmless. But there is a city ordinance in this place that forbids anyone driving faster than six miles per hour; but no one had ever attempted to enforce it, for almost all of the citizens would have been subject to a fine, as they were all fond of this kind of pleasure.

If there was anything in the world that the "Old Dominie," as he was usually called, detested, it was fast driving, and he resolved to break up the "wicked practice," as he termed it. So, as soon as he fairly became installed in office, he sent word to the owners of fast horses that they must desist from their practice, or the law would be rigidly enforced. Of course no one paid any attention to this notice; for they did not believe this man, whom they had lifted from penury and want to a position whereby he might obtain a respectable subsistence, would resort to any such measure. But they were soon disappointed; for the next day a man was arrested and fined five dollars, and in a few days more another one was fined ten dollars, and in a short time another fifteen dollars. The thing was becoming serious. Something must be done. They sought the Court and expostulated with him, but it was of no avail—he was as firm as a rock. What could be done? The dominie had become a monomaniac on fast driving. The boys consulted together to devise some means, fair or foul, to cure the marrer of their happiness and pleasure.

At last they hit upon a plan that they believed would effectually cure him. They resolved to practice upon him precisely what he had practiced on them—compel him to take a dose of his own medicine.

Keeping a livery-stable at this time in the place was a man who owned almost all grades of horses, and among them he had an old track-horse—one that had formerly did nothing but follow the fairs and trot for purses—and it was agreed by the boys to let this man manage the "Old Dominie" in this little ruse, and how successfully the sequel will show.

Now, the dominie was in the habit of coming to this man's stable occasionally for a horse to drive a few miles into the country, and he had always given him a slow and gentle one. In a few days he called again for a horse to go on one of his drives, and it so happened that all of the horses were out at this time, except a very spirited mare and old Dock the track-horse. Our friend of the livery department resolved to carry into execution the plan he had devised to cure the dominie, and he ordered Old Dock to be hooked to the light buggy, and at the same time he ordered the spirited mare to be hooked to a sulky; and, as Old Dock was being led out for the dominie to drive, there was a perceptible sparkle in the livery-keeper's eye that indicated mischief, while on the countenance of the hostler there could be plainly seen indications of wonder and surprise.

To say that old Dock was a fair trotter is too mild a term—he could fairly fly. When he had become fairly warmed up, he could turn a mile track in 2:30 with ease, and when on the road he never allowed a team to pass him without contesting the right, as when he got really engaged at work it was no ordinary man that could hold him.

Old Dock was led out, "Old Dominie" took his seat in the buggy. As he was about leaving the barn, the keeper said to him:

"Drive him slow, Elder, for he is an old favorite of mine, and I never let him to any but the most careful driver."

"Never fear my driving fast," says the venerable parson, "for I never driver faster than a walk."

"See that you don't," says the liverman with a twinkle in his eye, "for you know the penalty of fast driving."

"If you catch me driving fast," says the dominie, "fine me twenty-five dollars, and I will pay it without grumbling."

"All right," says the keeper, and down Main street drove the executor of the law.

As soon as Old Dock and his driver got fairly started, the liveryman slipped into his sulky, and started directly down street after him. After going about the length of one block, he gave the mare a light blow with the whip, and instantaneously she was at the wheel of the dominie's buggy. Old Dock took in the situation at a glance, and was equal to the emergency. Immediately catching the bit, he started down the street at a break-neck gait, the driver of the mare calling out to him:

"Hold him, Dominie! Hold him, or you will ruin the horse!"

The dominie sought with all his strength to hold the horse, but it was no go. Old Dock was as hard at the bit as the dominie was to be convinced that fast driving was no harm, and on he sped, the old man holding him just hard enough to make him trot steadily, and the veteran pulpit-light, with hat off, his gray locks streaming from the back of his head, was calling out at every breath:

"Whoa! whoa! whoa! For the love of Heaven, stop him!"

It was an easy matter for the owner of Old Dock to cause the horse to stop at any time, for all he had to do was to check the speed of the mare, and the horse would stop of his own accord. So, after going the whole length of Main street at this terrific pace, and the livery-man coming to the conclusion that this old dispenser of justice was sufficiently punished for his obstinacy, brought his mare to a walk. Old Dock, supposing the race to be ended, immediately came to a halt, and of his own accor t turned around and slowly moved towards the barn.

The owner of Old Dock caused the dominie to be immediately arrested for fast driving, and the evidence was so conclusive that he pleaded guilty to the charge, and was put under a suspended sentence.

It is needless to say that no one was ever after arrested for fast driving on complaint of the dominie; and whenever he showed any symptoms of obstinacy, all you had to do to set him right was to ask him to go take a ride after Old Dock.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

"Shade of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson Mackenzie, Baltimore, "here it is past seven o'clock, and crook'd-back'd Richard not in his dressing-room."

"My dear sir!" said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Ganner, "do not be precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed ——"

"An you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage-manager, "go to the devil!" and then the poor manager *chazzed*, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holliday-street stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir?" inquired the callboy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

"Ring? You red-headed imp of Satan, you juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight, or I'll wring your neck off!"

Away went the callboy, and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in Front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search, seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples, in imitation of a crown.

"Booth!" said the manager imploringly, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces."

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and, raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

"I am seated on my throne!
As proud a one as yon distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand!"

"Come, my dear fellow, let's go; we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come, please come."

Booth descended gracefully from his yellow-pine throne, and, kissing the tips of his fingers, replied with a smile: "I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my Lord of Essex. To the tower—to the tower!"

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger, covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and, before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, "dead, say you?" My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one?" And then, seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing:

"She has health to progress as far as Chertsey,
Or prayer to accommodate the cynic."

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloster was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all" when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told that his mind was not upon the character. Still, the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on; but Booth was nowhere to be found!

* * *

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie as he saw a horseman, wrapped in a large cloak—and, as it opened, it disclosed a glittering dress beneath—ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his Richard costume! Madness had seized him, and, regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon until the animal snorted in pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and, thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword, and cursed them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and, as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping-room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness, and caressing the corpse of his little one!—*Brother Jonathan* (June, 1845).

Answer to correspondent who writes us for a capital to start a nursery—State how many children you begin with.

WRECKED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The day is heavy with rain,
The clouds hang gloomy and dark,
And out by the harbor-bar
The fisherman moors his bark.
O fisherman out in the bay!
O sailor afar at sea

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

MOSS. LA TOUCHE.—In 1851-2 Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was furnished in weekly chapters to *The National Era*, an anti-slavery newspaper of Washington, D. C. On its completion it was published in 2 vols., 12mo., (in Boston, Mass., in 1852, and met with extraordinary success. In the United States four different editions were published, one illustrated and one in German, and not far from 400,000 copies were sold. In England, not being protected by copyright, editions were issued at all prices from 6d. to 10s., and more than 500,000 copies were sold. It was translated into every language of Europe, and several of those of Asia, including Arabic and Armenian, and in many of these, as in the German, French, Italian, Welsh, Wallachian and Russian, there were from two to twelve different translations. It was dramatized in a great number of versions, and acted in almost every theatre in Europe and America. The British Museum, London, Eng., has a long shelf filled with its different translations, additional versions, &c. It would be almost impossible to decide where the first dramatization of the novel was performed. The first performance in this city was a version by the late Charles Western Taylor, at the National Theatre, Chatham street, Monday, Aug. 25, 1852. Through the courtesy of "H. N. D." we have been furnished with a copy from his MS. records of the programme announcing his first performance.

NATIONAL THEATRE,
Chatham street.
MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1852.

First night of Mr. C. W. Taylor's dramatization of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, entitled
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Uncle Tom.....C. W. Taylor	Sam.....Mr. Marsh
Edward Wilmot..W. G. Jones	Mrs. Shelby...Mrs. Bannister
Arthur Re lin.....W. M. Cooke	Misena Wilmot
Burley Hammond	Mrs H. F. Nichols
N. B. Clarke	Emeline.....Miss M. Barber
Rory Marks.....Mr. Toulmin	Crazy Meg..Mrs. Hamblin
Jasper Skeggs.....J. Herbert	Phillis.....
Joe Adams.....Mr. Siple	Aunt Chloe...Miss Thompson

Exercises on slight rope.....Herr Cline
And THE MUMMY.

Ginger Blue.....Mr. Rice	O'Leary.....Mr. Ryan
Dr. Galen.....J. Herbert	Lucy.....Miss M. Barber
Capt. Aide.....W. M. Cooke	Susan.....Miss M. A. Charles
Charles..... Mr. Stadford	

It ran two weeks, and was played (probably) for the last time Sept. 4, 1852, for the benefit of the late T. D. Rice. It will be noticed that the names of nearly all the characters taken from the novel had been changed. The blank line in the cast may have been to represent a character the prototype of Topsy, but we cannot speak with certainty on this point. On July 13, 1853, Geo. L. Aiken's version of the novel was first produced at the same theatre, with Cordelia Howard as Eva and Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy, and it achieved an unprecedented success, which cannot state whether the original impersonator of Topsy, but Mrs. Howard may be said to have created that character on the dramatic stage, and by the American public she will ever be considered as the original.

"THE NEXT PRESIDENT."—With the view of avoiding any further duplication of answers to a question that seems to be seriously troubling many readers who are actually betors, and many others who are willing to become bettors, we print in full the appended letter, which covers nearly every contingency attaching to the fact that the fourth day of next March will fall on Sunday: "Kendallville, Ind. Two persons have a bet on the following: One bets the other two and a half to ten that Mr. Tilden is not the next President. (1) The question arises, Can Mr. Tilden, if elected, refuse office either, will he the next President. (3) As Mr. Grant's term expires March 3, 1877, at 12 P. M., and his elected successor cannot take the chair until Monday, March 5, 1877, the question is whether Mr. Grant will be President in Mr. Ferry, who will hold the office for Sunday, and (5) whether the Constitution of the United States does not say so." *Answer.*—(1) Yes. (2) No. This will actually depend on the two Houses of Representatives shall have closed their deliberations. There are at present four Presidential candidates—the Republican, the Democratic, the Greenback and the Prohibition. If it be shown that "Tilden will not be elected next President" will win if any of the four but Tilden is chosen by either the Electoral College or the House of Representatives. (3) This has already been answered—Peter Cooper may be the next President. (3) Grant's term need not necessarily expire at 12 o'clock, midnight, on March 3 next. James Munroe's first term expired on Saturday, March 3, 1821, but he was then no urgent need to keep Congress longer in session. On the other hand, James K. Polk's term did not expire until noon on Monday morning, March 4, 1849, on which hour the famous Wilmot Proviso became a law. Congress having been held together by Daniel Webster, who might have held it together some few hours longer, had it been necessary. (4) Senator Ferry cannot be more than acting President in any event. (5) The Constitution provides that, in case the Electoral College fails to choose a President, and the House of Representatives likewise fails to supply that omission by choosing a President *before* the 4th of March in any year of a Presidential succession, "The Vice-president shall act as President," not "be the President." L. D.—It is only barely possible that "Macbeth" was played on four different theatres on one night in this city. We find it played at three of them on one night, but it was not played that night at Burton's, nor at the National, Chatham street. The Olympic and Niblo's Garden were then closed, but there might have been an extra performance at either of those houses that was never advertised. Finally, it may have been played in part at Barnum's Museum, which was the smallest theatre in which it is a stock company in Baltimore, Md., and achieved no marked success.

J. M., Solon.—If you can already accomplish what you say you can, you had better lay and get an engagement at once. After a start, you will see others perform, and so improve in your business. To get an opening is the main point, and if you display ability success will follow.

JOSEPH, Albany.—Very few traveling companies except circuses carry with them a ticket-seller and a ticket-taker. The manager has other duties to fulfil, also attend to these. Ticket-sellers and ticket-takers can be hired in any town for from $1 to $2 per night.

ARTHUR INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—It is the same Harry Gulon who was at Barnum's Museum and the Bowery Theatre, New York, where he played walking gentlemen, some juvenile and some heavy business. We have no biography of him.

DUTCH BIX, Toledo.—1. We cannot say. She has not been before the public a sufficient length of time to warrant us in procuring her biography. 2. Dutch business is quite as good as any other, if you have talent for it. 3. We do of know.

SUBSCRIBER, Brantford.—If you will read the City Summary of THE CLIPPER each week, you will find the names of all the fresh songs sung by the San Francisco Minstrels published therein.

F. R., Chicago.—1. He need not take out first papers, but must take out what are known as "the last papers." 2. Billy Emerson was born in Belfast, Ireland, July 4, 1846; came to this country in 1847; and in 1857 joined Joe Sweeney's Minstrels as balladist and jig-dancer. He has been the chief feature of many minstrel bands.

I. L. F., Port Hope.—Oysterman Jr. was by Oysterman, dam by Phil Brown. He has no record in flat racing, and in steeplechases the distance is only estimated, not measured.

W. C. M., Jackson.—"I bet that Tom Sayers, the day of his fight with Heenan, weighed not less than one hundred and sixty pounds. Do I win?" ..... Sayers' weight on that day was 161lb.

J. T. N., Kittery.—2:15, at Buffalo, Aug. 3, 1876. That is her best time of record this year, we think. But she has not only a faster record (2:14, made last year), but has also trotted in 2:14 this year, the latter not being a record.

W. H. S. Jr., Salem.—John E. McDonough, who may be addressed in care of the Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., can give you all the information desired about his marionette troupe.

GAZE, Ontario.—1. If the protest has not been made good, you are entitled to the prize. 2. According to your statement, you are an amateur. 3. A letter addressed to the secretary, in our care, will reach him.

AN OLD TURFITE.—We cannot spare the space. Better call at the rooms of the Historical Association, Second avenue and Eighth street, this city, and request to be permitted to read it up.

P. O'L., Milford.—1. The debt of France at the beginning of the present fiscal year was 23,403,206,940fr. 2. She agreed to pay Germany five milliards of francs. 3. It has all been paid.

J. H. G., Pawtucket.—1. Some circus performers take agreat deal of pride, but we cannot name what particular ones may now be in want of such. 2. John Robinson resides in Cincinnati, O.

PUZZLER, Pittsfield.—The game having been abandoned by mutual consent, the bet is a draw. If the statement as to the purse is also a fact, that circumstance would also invalidate the wager.

F. C. B., Worcester.—We do not decide disputes as to populations upon the strength of figures furnished by local censuses. At the last U. S. census (1870), St. Louis led Chicago in population.

SIMPSON, Boston.—A wins. John Higgins, in a match with Anthony Strong, for £200 over the Thames championship course, 4 miles, straightaway, Oct. 19, 1875, accomplished the distance in 23min. 56sec.

JAMES MARTIN, Lonaconing.—1. Captain Bogardus killed 100 birds in succession once only—at Chicago, July 21, 1865. They were tame doves. 2. Will endeavor to answer next week.

J. AND W., Orange.—Probably the most artistic tattooer in the country resides in this city. You can easily ascertain his business address on inquiring at some of the shipping-houses in Front or South streets.

A. C., St. Louis.—Senorita Lucia Zanfretta is the name of the lady who contracted a series of daily exhibitions in Tony Pastor's New Theatre, in this city, July 24, 1876. She is now being exhibited in Philadelphia.

A. E. S., Troy.—We cannot say how many dressing-rooms there are in Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal.

R. R. H., Jackson.—1. No. At whist honors are *held* and tricks alone are *won*. 2. He who cannot follow suit need not trump.

M. AND D., Lowell.—The only British troops in Sebastopol are those that were buried there some twenty years ago.

R. R., Erie.—The bet is void. It was as to a game between the Erics and the Buckeyes, and there was no such game.

H. D., Blackhawk.—Indiana has gone Democratic almost beyond a doubt. It will be time enough to decide your wager when the official returns are made.

L. H. O., Meadville.—The bet will be void, should there be no contest for President in Washington, D. C.; and it is hardly probable that there will be.

HARLEM.—The debt of this city, at the close of the last fiscal year, was $141,808,758, less a sinking fund of a trifle over $26,000,000.

ENQUIRER, Syracuse.—A reference to the files of THE CLIPPER of 1868 shows Seymour's majority over Grant in this State in that year to have been 10,000.

READER, Jersey City.—The next election in Washington, D. C., for Presidential electors, both bets will be a draw.

W. J. R., Boston.—1. We have discontinued its publication. 2. It is a slang term, and we have never heard it used in that connection.

FRANK M. C., Cleveland.—There may be an acting President in case of a congregation—only that person can be President who is officially declared to be such.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—John H. Selwyn (Josephs) was a son of Mrs. Harry Hart, Patti and Fanny Josephs. Mr. Lorimer was a son of the same mother by another father.

J. S. C.—Whichever player first reached the needed number of points to out. Both could not have reached the game point at the same time.

BLACKSTONE, Crossena.—Except for boys and experienced seamen, there is little or no chance to enlist in the U. S. Navy at any time.

PRESIDENT, Indianapolis.—The bet cannot be decided until after March 4 next. Hayes or Cooper may be elected President, or instead of Tilden.

H. H., Martin's Ferry.—The person whom you suppose will be President for one day will be but the acting President.

W. W., Myerstown.—"Pool-selling" and "pool-buying" are a species of betting or wagering upon events to come.

CENTENNIAL.—S. B. Duffield is engaged in the billposting business in Philadelphia, and H. S. Duffield is a member of the stock company at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y.

S. E., U. S. S. New Hampshire.—Apply to the agents after high and low.

A jack turned up by the dealer counts at once.

P. D., Pittsburg.—The best sculling time for five miles, with 8 turns, of which we have any record, is 35min. 10sec., by Josh Ward.

HYPERBOLE, Chicago.—1. Write to him in care of this office. Shall receive it. 2. He has been quite so practical of late as formerly.

G. B., Chicago.—Get an engagement in some theatre or with a traveling company to play utility. We know of nothing you could do in a variety theatre.

MRS. G. B., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. The company is newly organized. Address Herr Carlberg at the Academy of Music, this city.

E. W. G.—8, with an ace from his hand, can make a pile of eights.

HUCK JEANS, Evansville.—A will lose. Williams was not elected by any majority whatever, but by a plurality vote.

BLUE JEANS, Evansville.—A will lose. Williams was not elected by any majority whatever, but by a plurality vote.

J. H. W., Woodberry.—1. From $1.50 (excursion, round trip) to $2.50. 2. Let the lotteries alone, since you express so little confidence in their agents.

SUBSCRIBER.—It is very likely that she did; but we have not time to "read up" that war in order to verify this important point.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—He cannot attach your wages, though he can sue you, but with almost a certainty of losing judgment.

CHARLES L. ADAMS, Dorchester.—We are not interested in such a machine, but have handed your letter to a party who can supply you.

F. S. ——, Judd, No. 131 Henry street, this city, can supply you with juggling apparatus. 2. Probably an advertisement might secure you a position.

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S. E., U. S. S. New Hampshire.—Apply to the agents after high and low.

A jack turned up by the dealer counts at once.

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H. H. W., Woodberry.—1. From $1.50 (excursion, round trip) to $2.50. 2. Let the lotteries alone, since you express so little confidence in their agents.

SUBSCRIBER.—It is very likely that she did; but we have not time to "read up" that war in order to verify this important point.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—He cannot attach your wages, though he can sue you, but with almost a certainty of losing judgment.

CHARLES L. ADAMS, Dorchester.—We are not interested in such a machine, but have handed your letter to a party who can supply you

retained it throughout, and won by half a length in 2:34. Odds on Barney were now current without takers, and, after a splendidly contested heat, he won the race by half a length in 2:37.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—Col. McDaniel's has sold the running qualities of his four-year-old filly Mattie A. to Messrs. Armstrong and Shea of California.....A new horse disease has broken out in California, at once strange and fatal. After death, the membrane that supports the bowels is of a yellowish color, while the whole cavity outside the intestines is filled with water. No remedies yet applied have in the slightest degree arrested the disease after a horse has once been attacked with it.....At the Doylestown, Pa., trotting meeting last week, the br. g. T. S., aged 23 years, made his debut on the turf, and won the purses for horses of the 4min. class in three heats, in 2:54¾, 2:55, 2:52¾..... At the recent St. Louis Agricultural State Fair 65,000 people paid admission to the course in one day.....Col. J. H. Coffee, of Louisville, Ky., has become the lessee of Woodlawn Park, in the vicinity of that city.

DEATH OF WILD IRISHMAN.—This once-renowned race-horse, the last surviving son of imported Glencoe, died at her owner's, Hon. A. B. Conger, Waldberg Stud, Rockland County, N. Y., on Oct. 11, at the advanced age of 26. He was bred by W. S. Buford of Kentucky in 1850; his dam being Mary Morris by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter. He first run in public at Lexington, Ky., in 1853, in a three-year old sweepstakes, won by Lexington (then named Darley), who distanced all the field except Wild Irishman, who was second. He won the same season a two-mile heat race at Crab Orchard, Ky., in 3:50, 3:51; and the Galt House Stakes at Louisville, two-mile heats, distancing a field of five opponents. As a four-year old he was equally successful; Dr. Weldon being his trainer.

DEATH OF ASHLAND.—The California turf has sustained a severe loss in the death of the celebrated thoroughbred stallion and racehorse Ashland, who died at his owner's residence near Nepa, Cal., aged 22 years. He was bred by Captain J. A. Holton, Woodford County, Ky., in 1854, and was taken to California when three years old. He was by imp. Glencoe, dam Merry Bell by Seagull, and his death leaves Rifleman the only son of that renowned English sire on the Pacific coast, if not in America, now that Star Davis and Wild Irishman have passed away. He was a successful racer on the California turf, and won the first four-mile race ever run in that State. He was matched against Langford for $10,000, four-mile heats, which Langford won in a single heat in 7:43¾. Ashland started eleven times and won six.

DEATH OF AN OLD TURFMAN.—Capt. Benj. F. Hutchinson of Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Missouri, a well-known Western turfman and breeder, died at his home on Oct. 10. He was the owner of Derby winner Evangeline, both by imp. Eclipse, and famous racehorses; Dazzle, the full brother to Bettie Ward; Prunella, the dam of Nellie Gray, Sympathy, Lizzie W., and other good ones; Ringlet, the dam of Restless; Eglantine, the dam of Ruth; and Lillac, the dam of Etta Powell, Violet, and Cousin Vic.

BETTING ON THE DIXIE STAKES.—The following was the state of the pool-betting in this city on the race for the rich Dixie Stakes, worth about $12,000, to be run at Pimlico Park, Baltimore, on Tuesday, Oct. 24. P. Lorillard's entries (Parole and Shirley) bring $100; Pryor Bros.' entries (Brother to Bassett and Vigil), $50; Belmont's entries (Sultana and Fidelestick), $40; Doswell's Algerine, $20; Thomas' Heretoy, $15; Reed's Red Coat, $10; and Keen Richards' Clemmie G., $10.

AN CONTRADICTION.—Dan Mace, the well-known trotting trainer of this city, contradicts the statement that he had seven men and horses from the far West to trot in races and skin people—that some of these horses with records of 2:23¼ have been entered in 2:45 purses. He says he has demanded a retraction from *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, which originated the report, in default of which he will sue it for libel.

A NEW TROTTER.—The trained mooer Tecumseh was matched to trot in 2:20 in harness, over the Moosepath Park, St. John, N. B., the race taking place on Thursday, Oct. 19. The moose is said to have shown great speed in spurts, and had trotted half a mile at Truro in 1:10. In the trial he could neither trot, run, nor walk; but, with a gait more resembling the jump of a kangaroo, he managed to do a mile in 1:30. It was a decided failure.

AN INTERESTING RIDING MATCH took place recently at Glasgow, Scotland, between Leon, the Mexican rider, on three mustangs, and a jockey named Sowers, on three Scotch thoroughbreds. The distance was fifteen miles, for £100, and after an exciting race, the Scotch thoroughbreds won by 300 yards; time, 36min. 38sec. During the contest Leon was thrown from a mustang and considerably lamed, but remounted and finished the race.

SALE OF BROTHER TO BASSETT AND VIGIL.—On the day following the Jerome Park Meeting, Col. McDaniel sold his half interest in the three-year-old colts Brother to Bassett and Vigil for the sum of $12,000, with their engagements. The purchasers were the Dwyer Brothers of Brooklyn, the owners of Rhadamanthus and Galway. H. O. Bernard still retains his half interest.

CHALLENGE TO LONG-DISTANCE RIDERS.—The well-known trotting horseman John Murphy of Fleetwood Park challenges any man in the world to ride fifty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty miles, and would prefer to ride against Capt. Mowry or the Mexican Peralto for an opponent, the stakes to be from $1,000 to $2,500 a side. This challenge will remain open for a month.

POSTPONED.—The unfinished trots at Brooklyn and West Side Parks, on Friday, Oct. 20, which were postponed on account of darkness until next day, were again postponed until the next good day and good track.

CRICKET.

THE GILES BENEFIT MATCH.

The testimonial to Mr. Giles, the professional of the St. George Club of this city, turned out to be a one-inning game between the St. George eleven and an eleven of the Staten Island and Manhattan Clubs, owing to the inability of the Young America Club to leave town again this season. When solicited to visit Hoboken on the occasion, they replied that they would do their best to collect a team, but that were not successful. They did not "fail in their engagement," as no engagement was made. The error was in announcing the match as one between St. George and Young America before the former knew that the Philadelphians would come. The best plan is always to be sure of the elevens before advertising the match. An all-comers' match against St. George would have drawn well, had it been so stated in the beginning. As it was, the sudden change of teams led to a small attendance. The weather on the occasion (Thursday, Oct. 19) was all that could have been desired—balmy, sunshiny, Indian-Summer day. The St. George Club had out their full eleven, but they did not all come early. Wickets were pitched at 10 o'clock, at which hour Mr. Giles had everything ready and in excellent condition. As usual, however, it was 12 o'clock before play began, and then the St. George Club had to play "subs" in the field, Moeran, Jones, Marsh and Cashman not arriving until a later hour. The All-comers' team included Greig, Makin, Hooper, and McDougal of the Manhattans, and Armstrong, Stevens, Sprague, Brewster and Powers of the Staten Island Club, Holman and Kirtland of St. George assisting. The St. George had out their full team during the day, viz., Soutter, Bance, Moeran, Jones, Whetham, Gibbes, Moore, Mostyn, Cashman, Marsh, Sleigh and Giles, Richardson playing in Sleigh's place. During the first inning, Mr. Sleigh was so severely injured by a ball from the bat as to be obliged to retire from the field. He was running in to catch a low, sharply-hit ball, when he lost his balance, and the ball struck him on the eye, half-stunning him and closing the eye. He was attended by Dr. Nichols of Newark, who was on the grounds.

The All-comers' eleven went to the bat first, and they were rapidly disposed of until Greig and Hooper got in together, when a good stand was made, though Greig gave chances for catches which were not accepted. Afterwards the wickets again fell rapidly, the scores of these two players being the only double figures of the inning. Soutter's bowling proved to be the most effective, he taking six wickets, Greig punishing Bance's slows rather badly. Booking for the All-comers was quite a feature, good catching being made by Bance and Whetham, the latter's wicket-keeping being noteworthy. After dinner the St. George eleven went to the bat, and a small score looked promising until Moore and Giles got in together, Gibbes and Whetham, however, making a good stand previously. Moore handled the willow in handsome style for 34, and the veteran Giles' wicket was found impregnable to all the assaults the bowlers could bring to bear upon it, and Brewster sent in some beautiful balls, maiden overs being a feature of his bowling, Giles carrying his bat out for 22. Soutter ran up 11 in short order, marking his score with some beautifully clean hits, but the others failed to score average figures. The last wicket fell for 106 just before sundown, and this ended the day's sport. Among those present we were happy to see the familiar face of Charley Vinton, whose arrival on the grounds was the signal for applause, it being the first time the veteran had been on the field since his accident and illness. Mr. Russell, the Mayor of Hoboken, was also present, he being an old member of the Manhattan Club. The tent for ladies was well occupied. The score is appended:

ALL COMERS.		ST. GEORGE.	
Makin c. and b. Bance	0	Gibbes b. Brewster	10
Armstrong l. b. w. b. Bance	0	Bance b. Brewster	0
Brewster c. Whetham b. Soutter	7	Whetham c. Makin b. Brewster	19
Greig c. Whetham b. Soutter	22	Moore b. Brewster	34
Stevens c. Whetham b. Soutter	5	Moeran b. Sprague	1
Hooper b. Moeran	13	Marsh a and b. Sprague	0
Sprague b. Soutter	2	Soutter b. Sprague	11
Powers b. Soutter	0	Mostyn l. b. w. b. Brewster	0
Macdougal b. Soutter	0	Richardson c. Parsons b. Brewster	4
Kirtland b. Moeran	4	Holman not out	5
Leg byes	3		
Total	58	Total	106

All-comers	1	8	22	35	44	56	57	58	58	58
St. George	1	17	17	18	33	83	99	100	106	—106

Umpires, Jas. Smith and Brewster.

BILLIARDS.

GALLAGHER BEATS CARTER.—The purpose that for nearly two years has animated Thomas J. Gallagher has at last been realized. Although one of the prettiest players that ever handled cue, still Gallagher has been generally regarded weak as a match-player, his successor heretofore having been achieved in tournaments only. Carter, on the other hand, has been regarded as a good money-player for his speed, as the phrase goes, having had experience in that line all over the country. Our Cleveland correspondence tells the story of his defeat by Gallagher (assisted by Manning) for which we have been a 5x10) was one that has rarely been equaled in a match of even so few points as 400:

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 17, a game was played at the Globe Theatre, between Eugene Carter of Toledo and Thomas Gallagher of Cleveland, for $250 a side and the championship badge of the State of Ohio. Every seat in the house was occupied, and the game passed off very smoothly, occupying two hours, and was won by Gallagher on the twenty-third inning, he beating his opponent by 179 points. The game was one of 400 points, three-ball, and was played on a Brunswick & Balke table. Carter won the lead, and chose the white ball, but neither made a point until the second inning, when Carter scored 1 and Gallagher 11. From that time the latter kept the lead except in the seventh, eighth and ninth innings. Gallagher's highest run was 76 points, his average being 17.9-23. Carter's highest run was 31, his average being 9 14-23. Mr. W. A. Birchard of Warren, O., acted as referee, J. D. Bennett of Toledo acted as umpire for Carter, and John Frawley of Cleveland for Gallagher. Alex. McBride of Cleveland was scorer.

CHARITY EXHIBITION IN NEWARK.—There is grand gathering of experts at Turner Hall, Newark, N. J., on the night of Nov. 1, the object being the laudable one of relieving the distresses of a family that, having been burned out of house and home, has recently had the added misfortune to lose its supporting member by death, a widow and six children being thus left penniless. Nearly all the experts of the metropolis, headed by Sloason, Garnier and Sexton, have promised to participate, and such an array of skillful cues as Newark has never yet seen is certain.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

Oct. 24, Harlem vs. Witoka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 24, Quickstep vs. Monticello, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 24, Our Boys vs. Active, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 25, Harlem vs. Fiyaway, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 26, Our Boys vs. Crystal, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 28, Witoka vs. Osceola, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 28, Arlington vs. Eagle, at Stapleton Flats, S. I.
Oct. 28, Quickstep vs. Fiyaway, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 26, Quickstep vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.

END OF THE LEAGUE CAMPAIGN.

The regular contests in the League championship series have ended, and of the two hundred and eighty games required to be played to finish the quota of ten games for each of the eight clubs, there have been played two hundred and fifty-seven, leaving twenty-three games unplayed. In all, two hundred and sixty games have been played, but three of these were drawn games. The full quota of each club was seventy games, which would make five hundred and sixty for the eight clubs. The number of games really to be played, however, would be but half this number, viz., two hundred and eighty. But one club of the eight played out its full quota of ten games with every other club, and that was the Boston Club. By the full and complete record of the games won and lost, played and drawn, given below, it will be seen how each stands on the lists, the names being recorded in the order of won games. For instance, Chicago stands first on the list with 52 victories, 14 defeats, no drawn games, with a total of 66 games played, and with four games left unplayed; which, with those played, make up the quota of 70 games—ten with each of the other seven clubs of the League. Hartford stands second with a total of 47 victories, 21 defeats, and one drawn game, making in all 69 games played, which with the two left unplayed would leave their total at 71, the drawn game being the additional one. The St. Louis stands third on the list with a total of 45 victories, 19 defeats and no drawn games, leaving a total of 64 played, to which the six unplayed, which added to those played, make up their quota of seventy. Chicago wins a majority of their quota of ten with each club in every instance save one, Hartford in all but three, while St. Louis wins a majority of all. In this respect excelling every other club in the League. Chicago wins one whole series of ten each, and Boston one, these being the only clubs which have done this. Hartford came within one three times, and Chicago twice, while Boston did so once. The Louisville Club won a majority of the ten in two instances, and an equal score—5 to 5 in two games—twice. The Mutuals won a majority in but one instance, while the Athletics did not even equal that record, they getting but one equal score once, viz., five games with the Cincinnatis. That was the only equal, however, of games of which it was played. The Cincinnatis were in a minority in every instance, and twice failed to win a single game of their quotas of ten each. The Mutuals left 14 games unplayed, the Athletics 11, and the Cincinnatis one. The St. Louis were unable to play games with but seven of them, as Chicagos, Louisville and Cincinnatis 4 each, and the Hartfords 2. The record up to Oct. 22, inclusive—the date of the actual close of play in the arena—is as follows:

	Victories.	Hartford.	St. Louis.	Boston.	Louisville.	Mutual.	Athletic.	Cincinnati.	Won.	Drawn.	Played.	Unplayed.	Full total.
Chicago		6	4	8	9	7	7	10	52	0	66	4	70
Hartford		4	—	4	8	5	9	7	47	1	69	2	71
St. Louis		2	1	—	4	5	5	8	45	0	64	6	70
Boston		1	2	4	—	5	8	9	10	39	0	70	0	70
Louisv'le		1	1	4	5	—	5	8	9	30	3	69	4	73
Mutual		1	1	3	5	5	—	8	8	31	1	63	14	77
Athletic		1	1	1	0	1	2	—	4	11	5	14	11	71
Cincin'ti		0	1	2	0	2	1	3	—	9	0	65	5	70
Ga's lost		14	21	19	31	36	35	45	56	257	6	520	46	566

To show the number of games remaining unplayed, and the clubs which had to play them, we made out the appended table. The total left unplayed is nominally 46, but actually but half that number, 23. It will be seen that Boston alone has no unplayed games to complete:

	Chicago.	Hartford.	St. Louis.	Boston.	Louisville.	Mutual.	Athletic.	Cincinnati.	Games unplayed.
Chicago		0	0	0	0	0	2	2	4
Hartford	0		0	0	0	0	2	0	2
St. Louis	0	0		0	0	0	3	1	4
Boston	0	0	0		0	0	0	0	0
Louisville	0	0	0	0		0	2	2	4
Mutual	2	2	3	3	0		2	2	14
Athletic	0	2	2	3	0	2		2	11
Cincinnati	0	0	0	1	0	0	2		5
Games to play	4	2	6	0	4	14	11	5	46

The record of League contests during October is as follows:

Oct. 3, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	5	to 3
Oct. 4, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	3	2
Oct. 5, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville	6	5
Oct. 5, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville	11	2
Oct. 6, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville	7	4
Oct. 6, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	7	4
Oct. 7, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	11	6
Oct. 9, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	11	6
Oct. 17, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	5	3
Oct. 20, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	5	0
Oct. 21, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	11	1

The Hartford team for the season has been as follows:

Catchers	Allison, Higham and Harbidge.
Pitchers	Bond and Cummings.
First-basemen	Mills and Cassidy.
Second-baseman	Burdock.
Third-baseman	Ferguson.
Short-stop	Carey.
Left field	York.
Centre field	Remsen.
Right field	Higham, Harbidge and Cassidy.

Start will succeed Mills at first base next season, and Holdsworth take Remsen's place at centre field; and these will be about all the changes expected, of course, the retirement of Bond. Nothing but a lack of harmony in the nine kept the Hartfords from making the race for the pennant the closest one yet had.

The model games of the Hartfords were the following:

1. Hartford vs. Louisville	1	to 0
2. Hartford vs. Mutual	3	0
3. Hartford vs. Chicago	3	0
4. Hartford vs. Louisville	3	0
5. Hartford vs. Louisville	3	0
6. Hartford vs. Athletic	3	1
7. Hartford vs. Louisville	4	1
8. Hartford vs. Louisville	4	1
9. Hartford vs. Chicago	4	1
10. Hartford vs. St. Louis	4	1
11. Hartford vs. Cincinnati	4	2
12. Hartford vs. Mutual	4	3
13. Hartford vs. Boston	5	0
14. Hartford vs. Boston	5	0
15. Hartford vs. Athletic	5	4
16. Hartford vs. Louisville	5	5
17. Hartford vs. Cincinnati	6	0
18. Hartford vs. Louisville	6	0
19. Hartford vs. St. Louis	6	0
20. Hartford vs. Louisville	6	1
21. Hartford vs. Louisville	6	2
22. Hartford vs. Chicago	6	2
23. Hartford vs. Chicago	6	3
24. Hartford vs. Louisville	6	3
25. Hartford vs. Athletic	6	4
26. Hartford vs. Athletic	6	4
27. Hartford vs. Cincinnati	7	4
28. Hartford vs. Cincinnati	7	4
29. Hartford vs. Athletic	7	4
30. Hartford vs. Athletic	8	3
31. Hartford vs. Boston	8	4
32. Hartford vs. St. Louis	8	4
33. Hartford vs. Athletic	8	6
34. Hartford vs. Cincinnati	8	7
35. Hartford vs. Chicago	8	7
36. Hartford vs. Athletic	8	7

Thirty-six model games out of forty-seven victories are a fine record.

BUCKEYE vs. ST. LOUIS REDS.

On Oct. 15 the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., made their appearance at Compton-avenue Park, St. Louis, Mo., with the Red Sox as antagonists. The latter failed to do anything with the balls sent in by Nolan, and in the fourth inning became utterly demoralized, making ten of the eleven errors charged to them, and allowing the Bucks to secure four unearned runs. The result of the meeting was a complete skunk for the home club, as follows:

REDS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BUCKEYE.	R.	IB	PO	A	E.
Morgan, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Shafler, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Croft, 1st b	0	0	6	0	0	Burk, s. s.	1	0	1	5	1
Redmon, s. s	0	0	0	4	0	Simmons, 1st b.	0	2	14	0	0
Magner, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Dodds, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Reynolds, c.	0	0	10	2	0	Sirief, 2d b.	0	1	3	2	0
Dillon, 2d b.	0	0	5	2	3	Barnie, c.	0	0	10	1	2
Galvin, p.	0	0	1	1	3	Doscher, 3d b.	0	2	1	2	2
J. Gleason, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0	Kiernan, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Gleason, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Martin, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	0	1	27	8	11	Totals.	4	7	27	15	5

Reds	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Buckeye	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0—4

Umpire, Ed. Cuthbert, St. Louis Browns. Time, 2h.

GRAND AVENUE vs. FLYAWAY.

These nines are made up of some of the best amateur players in St. Louis, and in a game contested on Sunday, Oct. 15, ten innings were necessary to decide which was the stronger team:

GRAND AVENUE.	IB.	R.	FLYAWAY.	IB.	R.
McKenna, 1st b.	0	1	McHenry, p.	1	1
Whelan, 2d b.	1	1	Gerner, r. f.	0	0
Alexander 3d b.	1	0	Coring, s. s.	1	0
Newell, s. s.	1	1	Shortell, 2d b.	1	0
Smith, c. f.	1	1	Peel, l. f.	0	0
D. Simpson, r. f.	2	1	Dempsey, c. f.	0	0
L. Simpson, l. f.	0	0	Hughes, 3d b.	1	1
Zimm, p.	1	1	Rock, 1st b.	1	1
Slocum, c.	0	0	Young, c.	1	1
Totals.	6	6	Totals.	5	3

Grand Avenue	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	3	0—6
Flyaway	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—3

QUICKSTEP VS. FLYAWAY.

These junior clubs played a match on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, Oct. 16, in which the Quicksteps were victorious by the score underneath:

	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Sheehan, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	W. Friel'der, c.	0	2	5	5	9
Carmichael, 1b	0	1	10	0	0	McFarland, p.	2	1	1	2	0
McDonald, s. s.	0	0	5	5	1	Kent, 1. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Straight, 2d b.	1	0	13	2	4	Callahan, 3d b.	1	0	1	1	0
Murphy, c.	0	0	2	0	2	Foster, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
Chrystie, p.	1	0	2	4	0	H. Friel'der, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Wiest, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0	Bond, 2d b.	0	2	2	2	0
Ryan, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	4	Jacoby, 1st b.	0	1	16	0	0
Lockwood, 3d b	0	0	0	1	1	Costello, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	3	3	27	11	12	Totals.	6	5	27	15	13

Flyaway	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Quickstep	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0—6

First base on errors—Flyaway, 4; Quickstep, 8. First-base hits—Flyaway, 3; Quickstep, 5.

ARLINGTON vs. ALASKA.

A game was contested by these clubs, the former of Tompkinsville and the latter of West New Brighton, Staten Island, Oct. 19. Result:

ALASKA.	R.	IB.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	A.	E.
Smith, 1st b.	0	0	1	2	Moore, c.	3	1	0	0
Devlin, c.	0	1	1	3	Vanderzee, 3d b.	3	2	2	1
Brice, p.	0	0	0	1	Hoffman, 2d b.	1	2	1	0
Driscoll, 2d b.	1	1	1	1	Brower, l. f.	2	3	0	0
Westbrook, c. f.	0	0	1	0	Bromell, r. f.	1	1	2	0
Taylor, l. f.	0	0	1	0	Bishop, s. s.	1	1	2	0
Newman, s. s.	1	2	4	1	Bebee, 1.	0	0	2	0
Brown, r. f.	0	2	1	1	Spencer, 1st b.	2	2	0	0
Higgins, 3d b.	0	1	0	4	Jones, c. f.	1	0	1	0
Totals.	2	5	10	16	Totals.	14	12	10	3

Alaska	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Arlington	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	4	—14

First base by errors—Alaska, 3; Arlington, 11. Runs earned—Alaska, 1; Arlington, 4.

ECHO vs. ALERT.

The score of a game played by these junior clubs at New Haven, Ct., Oct. 17, is given below:

ECHO.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Carr, l. f.	2	2	0	0		Donnegan, p.	0	1	2	3	0
Fitzpatrick, c.	1	1	8	2	1	Mooney, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Murphy, s. s.	0	0	1	3	1	Moore, 1st b.	0	0	8	0	2
Reynolds, c. f.	0	3	4	1	0	Ecton, 1.	1	3	0	0	2
Maney, p.	1	1	2	3	1	Delany, c.	0	2	3	4	2
Gallaher, 2d b.	1	2	3	2	2	Gavigan, 2d b.	0	2	1	2	2
Stanley, 3d b.	0	2	1	2	0	McKiernan, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Hayes, r. f.	0	2	1	2	0	Clark, r. f.	1	1	3	2	0
Totals.	11	17	27	16	5	Totals.	3	5	27	18	8

Echo	2	0	0	1	3	2	0	3	0	—11
Alert	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	—3

FALL RIVER vs. LOWELL.

The Massachusetts clubs named above played a fine game for the State championship at Lowell Oct. 20, the result of which was a clean whitewash for the local team. The score by innings follows, the full score sent us being incorrect:

Fall River	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—3
Lowell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Struck out—Cogswell, 1; Foley, 1; Sullivan, 1; Canock, 1. Passed balls—Sullivan, 1; Mack, 2. Two-base hits—Foley, 1; Nichols, 1. First base on called balls—Sullivan, 1. Umpire, Mr. Mills.

The disbanding of the Lowell Club, which occurred on the 21st, was a surprise to many. It might have been continued a week longer but for the disastrous games with the Bostons and the Fall Rivers last week, and the Manchesters at home. It is not probable that Manager Doyle will run a nine next season, although he has not fully determined what course to pursue.

ON THURSDAY, Oct. 19, the Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., took their farewell benefit, and no more games will be played by them this season. The arrangement was that their opponents were to consist of a picked nine from the following clubs, viz., Ithacs, Cricket and Auburn; but it was not carried out, the nine consisting of Carpenter, Burns and Say (a crack trio from Ithacs), Myron, Yorkey and Galt of Syracuse, Dineen of the Tecumsehs, London, Canada, and Sullivan and Crosscup of the Auburns. Three of the Star team were absent—Tipper, Allen and Madden. The Stars supplied two substitutes, but were obliged to play with only eight men. They came out victorious, nevertheless, the score being 11 to 2 in their favor. The crowd numbered about six hundred, and each member of the Stars received $5. There was nothing brilliant in the playing on either side. The players that have already signed for next year's campaign are as follows: Henry McCormick, Alexander McKinnon, John Farrell, Albert Hall, William Geer, James H. Tipper and John Madden. Allen will not return, and, although George Adams has not signed, it is not unlikely he will be seen in next year's team. M. O. Dorgan will occupy the same position this year—manager and catcher. In addition, M. R. Mansell, a native of Auburn, but lately of the Buckeyes, of Columbus, O., has been engaged, and will take his place in the outfield next season. Mansell played with the Stars in the game on the 19th and, despite the fact that he had but lately arisen from a sick-bed, where he had lain for many weeks with typhoid fever, which seriously threatened his life, he acquitted himself beautifully, both at the bat and in the field. On Thursday evening, Dorgan, Geer, Farrell and McKinnon departed for their homes, in the East, and Hall went to Oil City, Pa., where he lives. Tipper and Allen went East on Wednesday. President C. S. Ryder was presented with a handsome gold badge, similar to those worn by the members of the nine previously to the departure of the latter, whose gift it was

SHORT STOPS.—The Alaska Club of West New Brighton, S. I., overcame the Alphas of New Brighton at Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 19; score, 23 to 12.....On 18th inst. a five-inning game was played by the Haymakers and Athletics of St. Louis, Mo., the former proving too much for their opponents; score, 13 to 5.....The Louisville (Ky.) Club vanquished the Memphis Reds, on the latter's grounds, Oct. 18, the figures standing 9 to 3.....The Newtons got the best of the Pioneers in a contest at Newtonville, Mass., Oct. 20; score, 10 to 8.....On the 21st, at Danvers, Mass., the Holtons outplayed the Wakefield nine, scoring 27 to 9.....Same day, at New Bedford, Mass., Hathaway & Soule's nine defeated the Twist Drills in a seven-inning game by a score of 20 to 13. It was for the championship of the town.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.—On election day the veteran Knickerbockers, if the weather is fine, will first "vote early," and then go over to their grounds at Hoboken, and in the morning play a match, "Married vs. Single," among themselves. After dinner, at the club-house, at 2 P.M., they will play a match, "Veterans vs. Youngsters," and thereby enjoy their closing day's play for 1876. They will be glad to see their old friends of the Excelsior, Putnam, Atlantic, and Eckford Clubs of Brooklyn, and the old Eagles, Empires, Gothams, Unions, etc., of New York, on the occasion. Davis is going to introduce his new "curve" in pitching on that day.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for J. Richmond, catcher of the Ilhaca B. B. C., and Mr. Larkin, pitcher of the Ilion B. B. C.

AQUATICS.

CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH
BETWEEN
WILLIAM SCHARFF AND EVAN MORRIS FOR $1,000 A SIDE.
Scharff the Winner by One Length.

The match for the sculling championship of America and two thousand dollars between Evan Morris, champion, and William Scharff, both of Pittsburg, Pa., was decided on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 21, over a two-mile turning course on the Monongahela River, and, after one of the grandest, most stubbornly-contested races of modern times, terminated in the defeat of the champion by about a length in very quick time. Below will be found full particulars of the contest, prefaced by a history of the principals and other matters of interest in connection with the match.

SKETCH OF THE MEN.

William Scharff is an American by birth, though of German parentage, having been introduced to the world at East Birmingham, Pa., opposite Pittsburg, April 15, 1850. At an early age his parents obtained for him a situation in the extensive glass-works of McKee & Co., where he served his apprenticeship, learning thoroughly all the branches of the trade, and being rated a most excellent workman when he had attained his majority. Like a large proportion of the youth of that section, he developed a fondness for rowing exercise, and ere he was out of his teens he had gained not a little reputation, locally, for proficiency as an oarsman, and compelled several other aspirants for aquatic fame to acknowledge his superiority as a sculler. Among these was young Stein, a fellow-townsman, whom he defeated in 1867, when he was but seventeen years of age; Jee Scott, an Englishman, who first introduced the cross-handed style of rowing in that neighborhood, and who challenged anybody there to pull one mile for a stipulated sum. He was one of the earliest members of the McKee Barge Club, but as a sculler Billy was but little heard of away from Pittsburg until, early in the Spring of 1872, he was matched with Thomas C. Butler, who had previously defeated Jee Scott and Stein, at Lake Charles River, Boston, Mass., and other parts of the New England States. The match was for $500 a side, over a five-mile turning course, and the race came off at Philadelphia, Pa., June 7 of said year, when Scharff achieved a hollow victory. During the remainder of the season of 1872 he did not appear prominently before the public, but it was understood that he was devoting much of his leisure time, before and after working hours, to practice with the sculls, and during the following Winter rumors

THE FOOLISH FLY.*

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
A NEW FABLE.

"You'll fall this time; I know your ways—
No spider's web will do for me;
Your little parlor you may praise,
But 'tis the place I shall let be."

"Then go elsewhere," the spider said—
"You're not the fattest fly I've seen—
Indeed, you're now full three-fourths dead,
And scarcely fit for food, I ween."

The fly went on, and chuckled loud
To think how smart his wit had grown.
Just then a wasp that was not proud
Came up and caused a bitter moan.

The fly with writhings breathed his last,
Stung by remorse and poison, too;
Those wasplish fangs o'er life had cast
The heaviest, gloomiest hue.

If die we *must*, when death creeps on
'Tis well to hurl no scorn at means
Which fate invites us all to don,
For taste to comfort often leans.

'Tis only when, with stubborn will,
We thwart, perhaps, the best decrees—
Fate changes front, and then doth kill,
With *pain*, the fool that jeers at ease.

VICTOR PARRTON.

* It is said that the ordinary spider is the most elegant, dainty, and industrious of insects, and that death in a spider's web is the most pleasant one a fly can undergo.

CHEROKEE ROSE,
OR FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"It must be a grand, a glorious sight," said India Marston, looking out from the little belt of timber in which they were encamped over the dry, grassy prairie that stretched undniating away as far as the eye could see.

"Yes," replied Frank Ellis, with his gaze lingering upon the beautiful face, surrounded by wavy hair of soft chestnut, and lighted up by the most brilliant of blue eyes. "Yes, from all descriptions I have read, it must be grand indeed, especially when the night is dark."

"And there is no danger to human life. I have often thought, Frank, that it would be sublime to see a great city burning, if it were not for the inhabitants."

"And the loss of property, India ?"

"Of course I mean that as well. If one could only be up in a balloon, and look down so as to obtain a perfect view, I can imagine nothing to compare with it."

"Except it might be a volcanic eruption. That must be matchless."

"Yes," she replied; "but somehow I have always thought a vast prairie in flame must be without a rival. I can think of nothing to compare with it. There is so much roaring, so much food for the fire, leaping and dancing and whirling high and madly in the air. Oh," enthusiastically, "I hope I shall not be denied the pleasure of seeing it when in its grandest glee. If so, this trip across the Plains would be tame and spiritless."

"And, children, may ther good God keep yer from ever seein' sich er thing onless yer miles erway, or er big river runs between yer and ther fire," broke in a low voice.

They started up in astonishment. They had wandered a little distance from the camp-fire, and fancied themselves alone. Yet, though they were momentarily awed by the noiseless presence of another, they quickly recovered when they saw who the intruder on their privacy was.

He was a man beyond middle age, all, with long hair, and beard streaked with white, with skin bronzed by exposure, and intensely sharp and cold, steel gray eyes. His dress was hybrid, of the civilized and savage, and his head covered with a rude attempt at a cap of furry bearskin. His weapons were the ordinary rifle, knife, and hatchet, and his long, gaunt arms and muscular development of chest revealed uncommon strength.

"Why, Mr. Bird," questioned India, "why should you be so earnest in wishing I may never see a prairie-fire except from a distance ?"

"Mr.—Mr. Bird !"

The hunter-guide repeated the title with the low noiseless laugh usual to men who are accustomed to live so much alone and are constantly surrounded by dangers from savage men and savage beasts. "Mr. Bird" tickled him immensely, he was so accustomed to be called "Hawkeye."

"Mr.—Mr. Bird ! Waal, I'll tell yer my purty little Cherokee Rose." The pet name he had given India on account of her red cheeks. "You don't know what yer talking erbout. Ef yer war once ter git inter ther orfullest thing in natur. Ther haint nothin' like it in all this ar arth;" and, before they were scarcely aware of the fact, he had stolen away as noiselessly as had been his coming.

"Hawkeye, as you call him, speaks strangely," said India, as soon as they were alone.

"And, you may depend, he has a good reason for doing so. The lives of such men are ones of constant experience, and they learn their only lessons from it. He undoubtedly has passed through dangers of which we know nothing."

"And I, being a girl, cannot comprehend, I presume?" she answered with a smile, although the tone had in it something of sarcasm.

"I did not intend that, India. But Hawkeye must certainly be the best judge, and has good reasons for wishing us at a safe distance."

"Oh, the old adage—'a burned child,' and so forth," she laughed. "But I believe, after all, it is only an old hunter's whim. What should there be in the burning of grass so much more to be dreaded than in any other thing? A large collection of houses must be greater, and I know it is nothing to be compared to a mountain of timber in flames. That I have seen."

"Yes, when whirling safely in a railroad-car or sailing past in a steamboat."

"No matter. A prairie on fire is, without doubt, a grand, almost sublime sight; but I fail to see why it is to be so much dreaded."

"And may yer never larn. Ef yer kin armagin er hull ocean burnin' like ile, and rollin' up in great billows of flame, and tossin' sparks like spray into ther air, and whirled erlong like dry leaves in ther Autumn wind, then ye'll git some idea on it."

The hunter had silently returned. The manner in which he came and went, as silently as a shadow awed the girl, and she listened more patiently than before as he continued:

"It am terrerble, awful—seems as ef ther last day had come when thousands of acres am on fire, and ther red, forked tongues lick up everything like straws. Man am no more than ther leetlest grain of sand, and ther swiftest horse am outrun, and ther stoutest bodies pulled down. But come, it's time ther camp war quiet fer ther night, and ther fires put out. It haint best ter give ther redskins knowledge of whar yer are any more than yer kin help;" and, shouldering his rifle, he led the way back to the encampment, and soon had seen that all was prepared against surprise.

India and Frank Ellis were not avowed lovers, yet the tide of their young hearts was drifting in that direction. Though they were thrown together strangers when the company started by the overland route for that wild dreamland of the nineteenth century, California, yet the natural attractiveness of youthful manhood for beauty was deepening, and the loadstone that drew them together was becoming more positive in its influence. This the old hunter had been the first to discover, and, while he indulged in quiet merriment at their expense, no one knew his thoughts, and he watched them in their wanderings to enjoy an uninterrupted tete-a-tete, himself unseen.

As to the discussion about prairie-fire, it soon faded from the minds of all engaged in it except the hunter. That, however, was but natural, as he was the guide of the party, was familiar with the route, and upon his skill and judgment depended the safety and lives of all.

India gave it hardly a recollection. She flitted as a butterfly among the flowers. Everything was novel to her, and she enjoyed them to the full, her inexperience hiding all danger. And Frank Ellis followed as he, only too glad to be in her society, for she was fast becoming as sunshine and starlight to his little world.

Unoccupied with the business and care of the train, they often dashed ahead, lingered behind, or made little journeys upon either side of the road in quest of the rare and beautiful, and often the old scout had to forget the pleased guide. But it was in vain he shook his head or mildly chided. They only laughed at his advice—asserted that they were perfectly able to take care of themselves, and India witched him against the giving of any positive orders.

"You know, dear old Hawkeye," she said upon an occasion when he was more than usually firm, and had been lecturing Frank Ellis—"you know how it was with you when you were young and had a pretty girl for a companion, with whom you wanted to talk alone now and then, and perhaps loved?"

"Me with a pretty gal? Me in love?" He almost gasped in the effort to restrain himself from an outburst of laughter. "Me in love?" and he was forced to retreat beyond the encampment to regain his equanimity at the ridiculousness of the idea.

But he got over his fit of laughter at last, and he said no more upon the subject of their wandering, but contented himself with watching. That, however, was not always in his power. The party relied upon his skill as a hunter almost entirely for game, and he was often away with the first of light, not returning until the twilight shadows had gathered again.

This was the case one day when the camp had been formed upon the banks of a little stream, with timber for a background and a great stretch of prairie in front—one that seemed almost limitless. He came in, threw the carcass of an antelope upon the ground, looked sharply around to satisfy himself that the company were all present, and then anxiously demanded:

"Whar is my Cherokee Rose ?"

No one could answer—not even her father and mother. India and Ellis had ridden away immediately after dinner upon their ponies, with the avowed purpose of finding a colony of prairie-dogs—a curiosity of which she had often spoken. That was all that could be told.

"Which way did they go?" was questioned by Hawkeye, as he dropped his long rifle nervously to the ground and leaned his chin thoughtfully upon the muzzle.

It was pointed out; and, as all pressed about him and anxiously questioned if he thought there was any danger, he answered:

"Poor children, they have gone to thar death ! Even as I came along, I saw a leetle line of fire. The redskins have lighted it ter drive away ther game. In half er hour ther perarer will be as ther ocean of hell !"

"And can nothing be done for their safety ?" was asked by the terrified parents.

"Nothin'! Yer mought as well raise yer hand to stop ther forked-lightnin'! Poor leetle Rose ! poor child ! Heaven help her ! She will now see er perarer-fire in arnest."

He turned a deaf ear to all, drew apart, seated himself upon the ground, rested his rifle across his knees, bowed his head upon it, and, save for a tremor that now and then shook his iron frame, one would have said was dead, or was utterly regardless of the young lives to be swept away in a whirlwind of flame.

As far as the story had been told, it was true. They had ridden to find the most strange partnership in nature, where deadly enemies occupy the same house—the little prairie-dog, the owl and the rattlesnake. In doing this they had given no heed to the distance, to the fact that the train was on the move in an opposite direction, that night would soon be closing darkly around.

And while they had not found the mound city of the cunning little prairie-dogs, they had found something of far more interest to them—had found the wealth of their hearts. Dismounted for a purpose of gathering the sparsely growing flowers, they had become wearied, seated themselves, and love would no longer be denied. The old, the same sweet story had been told, and Time robbed of his hour-glass before they again awoke from the dream of bliss. Then something of fear took possession of them as they saw the sun had given his last kiss to the earth and the "black-bat Night" was spreading his wings.

"Frank, Frank !" exclaimed India as she tore herself from his encircling arms, "see how dark it has grown, and we so far from camp !"

"It is nothing," he answered encouragingly; "only a delightful little scamper over the prairie. Ah ! there is the light of the camp-fire. We will be back in time for supper."

They sprang to their ponies. But even as they did so, and obtained a clearer view, their hearts sank within them. The camp-fire they saw was immense enough to roast countless thousands of buffalo—to furnish food for the armies of all the world.

"O Frank, the prairie is on fire !" exclaimed India, checking her pony and turning a face to him white as the snow upon the distant mountain-tops.

"Never fear, darling. We will outrun it," he answered cheerily.

"You know what Hawkeye said about its swiftness. Heaven be merciful to us ! we are cut off from the camp. Oh ! may I be forgiven for my wicked wish to see such a thing."

He sprang upright in the saddle, and looked wildly for some way of escape—then sank back with a groan.

They were almost surrounded—almost within a circle of flame. At one point but a long distance away there seemed to be a low, black spot that remained untouched by fire, and, encouraging the girl, he drove the affrighted ponies towards it. It was their only hope, and, that gone, nothing but a horrible death awaited them—nothing but to be burned to ashes in each other's arms !

Ah ! how little they knew—how soon and fearfully they would learn something of the matchless roar and speed of flame when there was nothing to obstruct its course ! and when a whirlwind was driving it on. Leaping hundreds of feet, it communicated fire in front, and the swiftest horse would soon be distanced and left behind a lifeless, blackened mass. Outrun it ? The fleet-footed antelope might as well have remained motionless, and the fireless wolf have at once laid down and died. Nothing in nature could outrun—nothing keep pace with it. It was a tempest of scathing flame—a fiery rain—a simoon of dense smoke.

The pony of India reeled and fell from overexertion. Her lover sprang to her rescue and his strength failed him. He could no longer bear the mercy of an element most dreaded of all on earth.

"Frank, is there any hope ?" she gasped.

What could he answer ? With the most horrid death staring them in the face, he could not utter a lie. His only one was a kiss, as he gathered her in his arms and dashed onward, with the fire gaining at every step.

A low swale in front. He could now distinctly see it. Could he gain that, he might hope for life. But hearts are not iron, and human sinews are not steel, and he fell exhausted, hugging his precious burden to his breast.

"Frank, dear Frank !"

"Hush ! India darling."

Terribly the flames roared, madly they leaped towards their prey, horribly they laughed in victory, and black as the sulphurous curtain of hell rolled the black smoke over them—the pall of a death of matchless agony.

"Frank, I—am—dying."

"India, darling—I——"

Stifled, they lay side by side, hand clasped in hand, and heart beating feebly against heart. Then all was blackness and insensibility.

Did they awaken in heaven ? They fancied so. There was no taint of fire upon the air, and the sky was jeweled with stars. Heaven ? They might have long thought so, had not a familiar voice fallen upon their ears with:

"I came jist in time ter save 'em. Poor children, they didn't know nothin' about makin' fire fight fire. But I saved them, ther good Lord be thanked. Howsomever, my Cherokee Rose won't never hanker arter ernuther sight of a prairer-fire I'll bet."

He was right. Years, happy years, passed; but, even as wife and mother, India could never think of it without a shudder.

GOOD-NIGHT—A SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

Good-night, sweet love, good-night !
Softly rest in the arms of sleep
Till dewy morn with rosy light
Glows o'er the eastern deep.

Ah, would I were the moonbeam,
Through thy lattice, love, to creep,
To be near thee, to watch o'er thee,
While calmly thou dost sleep.

While the nightingale, sweet singer,
Warbles lullaby amidst the trees,
'Neath thy window, love, I linger,
Freighting with my sighs the breeze.

Through the weary hours I languish
Till the coming of the morn;
My breast is torn with anguish,
And my heart is all forlorn.

Yet all the pangs I've felt, love,
I would gladly feel again,
Should I learn, when next I meet thee,
That I have not loved in vain.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

She stood at the gate, her hands filled with fragrant June roses, waiting the arrival of the carriage that had been sent to the depot to bring her friend to her loving embrace. As she stood there, the sunlight came flickering through the tall treetops and kissed lovingly the soft, golden hair, and sweet, expectant face. How slowly the time passed ! How impatient she grew ! She so loved this friend of her girlhood, had so many, *many* things to show and tell her, and she wanted her all to herself for an hour before her dear Ernest came from his office. She wondered if Rachel and he would like each other. Oh, they *must*, for they both loved her so fondly. Only to think, she had been married almost two years now, and Rachel and she had not met in all that time. To be sure, it had passed very quickly, she had been so happy; and the innocent heart felt as though she had wronged her friend, who had no dear husband or happy home, but was all alone in the world.

But hark ! Yes, there was the carriage turning the corner, and a white hand was throwing kisses from the window. The roses fell unheeded to the ground, and an instant after she had her arms clasped tight around the neck of a tall, beautiful woman.

"Rachel, Rachel ! I am so glad to see you !"

"Not more happy than I, sweetheart," and she smiled down on the eager, upturned face, showing a magnificent set of white teeth. "Why, Clare, you are lovelier than ever, and what a little Paradise of a home you have here. You must be very careful, child, not to let a serpent enter it," and her laugh rang gayly out as they ascended the steps and went into the cool, pleasant parlor, where Clare told her maid to bring tea and a delicate lunch prepared by her own hands.

"Let me help you with your hat, my dear; and, while you take your tea, you shall tell me everything. Are you in love, or going to be married, or anything ?" asked her little hostess, and she drew her chair close beside Rachel.

"Oh, no, no, pretty Clare; I am very sorry, but I have no romance for your ear. I am a cold, heartless woman, and have never experienced the grand passion. I shall not marry, but will come and live with you bye-and-bye, and play 'Aunt Rachel' to the babies." She kissed Clare, who turned away her flushed face, and blushed prettily for some reason. "But, come now, show me your little home, and then, if you will let me, I will lie down for a while; I know I am a perfect fright, and I want to look my best when introduced to your Ernest. You do not tire of him yet, child—there ! do not look at me in such reproach. I almost feel as though I knew him, my letters have been so full about *all* Ernest for the past two years."

"But, Rachel dear, I can never say half enough in his praise—he is so handsome, brave and good. But only wait until you see him, and you will not want to speak slightingly of him again," and the young wife's eyes filled with tears.

"Bah ! silly one, I was only joking. I have no doubt that I shall be ready to fall at his feet in silent adoration at first sight of him. But come."

"Rachel, you are ill—your hand is like ice. Can I do anything for you ?" and for an instant he held her cold hand in his own.

"Yes," she half whispered; "you can do everything for me. You can love me as you do her," and she pointed to Clare.

He looked at her, thinking that her brain had turned.

"I do not understand you, Rachel," he said.

She laughed shrilly.

"I was only joking, Mr. Vincent. I feel so strange to-night. My head troubles me. I will go to bed." She shivered as she stooped and kissed the innocent cheek of her victim. "Let us hope that we will be better in the morning;" and, giving a last look into his unsuspecting face, she went away, closing the door after her—went to her own room, where she crouched down in a heap upon the floor, holding her head in her hands, and saying over and over again softly to herself:

"I will go to him—soon he will want me. My love, O my love !"

Hours passed, and still Clare slept. The nurse had taken away the child, and Ernest, wearied by his long watch, at last threw himself on the sofa and fell fast asleep. Hours crept on, and still Clare slumbered. Once a long sob came trembling from her lips, then all was still again. Slowly the gray light of another day came creeping through the closed blinds, and fell upon the two faces—upon hers, which seemed as calm and peaceful as a sleeping infant's; upon his, which looked pale and anxious even while he slept. Suddenly he started to his feet, and looked about him. The fire had burnt itself out, and the room appeared cold and cheerless. How could he have slept so soundly ? Perhaps Clare had wanted something. He would speak to her. He went to the bed.

"Clare, my darling," he said softly; and he laid his hand on the little ones, which were clasped together on the innocent breast.

What made him start back with a wild cry of pain and despair ? The hand he had touched was as cold as marble. He gave one agonizing look at the sweet face, half hidden in its shining hair, and with one great throb of anguish his heart stopped its beating, and he fell lifeless upon the floor.

An instant afterwards Rachel Everson crept into the room, closing the door softly after her. How fearful she looked ! Her long hair fell about her white face like a mourning-veil, while her eyes seemed starting from their sockets. She gave a loud scream as she saw the still form upon the floor, and knelt beside it. So the servants found her an hour later, when they came into the room.

"Sh—sh !—don't make a noise !" she whispered. "Don't you see he is sleeping ?"

Then the horrified servants saw that both master and mistress were dead. They ran screaming from the room. Soon a great crowd of people came hurrying hither, and there they found her still seated on the floor, with his head upon her breast.

"Do not disturb him," she said, holding up her hand to keep them off. "We are very happy. *She* is gone. I killed her, you know. I hated to do it, for she asked me not to, but she wanted to take away my love. We are to be married very soon now. You see, I am not ashamed to show my love," and she kissed his dead face passionately. "But I cannot make him kiss me back again. You shall not take him away from me ! Who says I am mad ?"

They carried her screaming from the room, and then lifted tenderly the form of Ernest Vincent from the floor, saying pityingly that he had died of a broken heart.

IN GOD'S CARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL HALL,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Her little golden head lies low—
She is not here our lot to share;
'Neath drifts of bloom or drifts of snow
We leave her slumbering in God's care;
And as we find our way alone
O'er paths at times both drear and rough,
Bright visions of the glad days flown
Bring sunshine to our lives enough.

The remnant of her last sweet song
Still echoes in our lonely hearts,
Where fondest, holiest mem'ries throng
When day with every care departs.
In dreams we trace her spirit's flight,
Gone upward past "the gates ajar,"
While brown eyes, watching through the night,
Smile on us from some radiant star.

How often in the busy street
A voice and step so like her own,
Or peal of girlish laughter sweet,
Brings back the golden moments flown!
And then is banished all regret—
In flowery paths again we stray
What little time our hearts forget
The grave that angels guard alway !

THE BATHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY G. R. SPRAGUE.

"Going in to-day, Nell ? The surf is just beautiful."

"Almost too high, is it not, Addie ? I scarcely think it is safe."

"Oh, yes, it is, if you are only careful. And, besides, no one can drown as long as Mr. Green is around. He's the bather, you know. Such a splendid swimmer, and so handsome too."

"Indeed ? He seems to have made quite an impression. Take care, my dear. Sing 'I'll marry a lad of low degree' as much as you please, but don't put it into practice. Addie Van Rensaeller would scarcely grace or be happy in the hut of Robert Green, bather in Summer, and fisherman, laborer, or sailor in Winter."

"Oh, thank you. Your advice is scarcely complimentary. I am not yet insane. But how do you know that his name is Robert ?"

"I heard Mrs. Belmont direct her nurse to go down and tell Robert Green the bather to fetch up some salt-water to her room, and she would pay him for it."

"Oh, indeed ! Well, I don't see any harm in it. It's honest."

"No harm, my dear ? Why, I didn't say there was any. I merely warned you not to let your heart be run away with by this handsome bather."

"Let's change the subject."

"With all my heart."

And they did so. They had been sitting, during the above conversation, upon the sand on the shady side of a row of bath-houses, with the exception of one as yet unoccupied, for the bathing-hour had not yet arrived. The one which contained the occupant was the one nearest to them. The man who occupied it was a tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed fellow, with big, handsome black eyes, hair and beard. He was dressed in bathing-costume. Instead of being engaged in preparing for a bath, he was busying himself in getting the bath-house ready for the reception of bathers. It was Robert Green himself. Every word that was said by either of the fair damsels was perfectly audible to him.

First an amused, then a startled, bitter expression darted across his face as he listened to Addie's expression of confidence in him and her companion's caution. It didn't leave his face, either, during their conversation.

"It can't be any other," he muttered to himself. "I'd know that voice among a thousand; and then the sentiments she expressed, and the first name—yes, it must be Nellie Penton. I wouldn't give Addie's little finger for the body and soul of a thousand like her."

Finishing his work, he silently went out of the bath-house and upstairs to the cabin on the bluff, where his employer let bathing-costumes and took care of valuables for his patrons.

"Houses all ready, Bob ?" queried that worthy.

"Yes, sir," answered Green.

"Might as well run up the flag, then. Keep a good lookout to-day, though. The surf is high, and I guess there is a strong undertow."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And in a few moments the red flag that denoted the arrival of the bathing-hour was floating from its accustomed staff, and Robert Green was pacing the sands, keeping a sharp lookout on the rapidly increasing crowd of bathers who floundered about in the breakers.

He was instently watching an adventurous couple who were rather inclined to overstep the bounds of safety, when he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and a soft, feminine voice said:

"Oh, Mr. Green, won't you take me in ? I'm afraid to go by myself."

He turned to the speaker. It was Addie Van Rensaeller. She was in bathing-costume. By her side stood another lady. She was also robed for a plunge into the breakers. His conjecture in the bath-house was right. Addie Van Rensaeller's companion was Nellie Penton.

For a few seconds his sun-burnt face assumed a sallow tinge, and his eyes restlessly searched the spot where Nellie Penton was standing. Suddenly, a flash of disgust than usual came. Robert gave it controlling, with set teeth, prepared to meet it. He felt that it was the crisis. Could they but pass it, they would be safe. The shock came. The bout did not belie her previous efforts, but stood up nobly under it. She was just recovering herself, when John Travers twined his arms around Robert, wildly shouting:

"Are we lost ? Is there no hope ? Save us ! Save us !"

Robert struggled to keep his feet, but in vain, and, with a despairing cry, reeled headlong into the surf. The boat, left without a guiding hand, gave one wild lurch, and then went over, leaving her passengers struggling for life in the floating whirlpool of the angry surf. A cry of horror rose from a hundred throats, and, as speedily as possible, two lifeboats sped from the shore upon their errand of mercy. Almost as soon as the sail-boat went over, Robert arose to the surface, and with his strong arms struck out in the direction of a helpless woman, who was struggling in the cruel embrace of the waves a few feet distant. Before she could succumb he grasped her.

"Keep still," he shouted, "and if within the power of mortal man I'll save you."

She turned a face pale and wild with fear towards him. It was Nellie Penton.

"You ?" he cried. "But I will save you !"

And he did. With herculean efforts his trained limbs fought the mighty tide, and in a short time he and his half-dead burden stood upon the sands, supported by strong arms, ready and eager to do all that human power could to aid them. And there was need of aid; for, no sooner had the exhausted couple reached safety, past any doubt, and Nellie been released from his grasp, than, without sound or sign, Robert Green staggered and fell insensible upon the sand.

"He has fainted," was the cry.

Amongst those who had thronged upon the sand was a physician. When he heard the cry, he pushed through to where the insensible man lay.

"Fainted, eh ?" he said, bending over him. "Yes, I see he has. Ah ! what's that ? Blood on his lips ? This man is dying. He has burst a blood-vessel, internal hemorrhage has set in, and he will never see the sun go down. Get some sort of a stretcher, and notify his friends. Never mind, I'll look after him. Has he any friends ? If so, send for them. He'll be conscious again before he dies."

Nellie Penton overheard these words.

"Is there no hope ? Can money do no good—procure no means of prolonging his life ?" she said.

"None. Die he must. The most I can do is give him a chance to say good-bye and leave any directions he may choose behind him; and I can't do that unless I can get him on a bed, and can go to work at once."

It was not long before Robert Green's inanimate form lay upon a bed, and all that skill could do was being done to stem the ruby current that every now and then welled up through his lips and stained the snowy pillow that supported his head. After a while they succeeded in temporarily checking it and restoring him to consciousness. Then they gently told him what a poor chance he had for life. When he received the news a happy smile crossed his face.

"God be thanked !" he murmured. "At last the end has come."

"Can I do anything for you ?" asked the doctor, much touched at the way in which the poor fellow received the intelligence of his speedy end. It must have been a sad experience, thought the worthy Æsculapius, that could make a man like that so willing to resign his hold upon life. Robert thought a moment.

"Yes," he finally said, "send Miss Penton, the lady whom I saved this morning, to me, and let us be alone for a little while."

A messenger was sent, and Nellie Penton, although really ill, for once in her life put herself in the background and thought of another's comfort first. Upon her entrance the doctor and attendants withdrew to an adjoining room, where they could be on hand if their aid was necessary.

The sick man motioned her to a seat close by his bedside, and then, with feeble and uncertain hand, loosened and drew up the right sleeve of his shirt, exposing his brawny, muscular, but now almost nerveless arm, to her gaze.

"Do you know me ? Read that," he said, pointing to some words pricked in India-ink upon his forearm.

With a pallid face and heart that was almost still from suppression, she obeyed his behest.

"John Hunt," she murmured in a mechanical way, "born Dec. 9, 1844," and then, with a sudden outburst of mingled fear and remorse, she cried:

"My God, and did you save *me* ?"

"Yes, Nellie," he said feebly; "I, John Hunt, saved you—the man whom ten years ago you, then my wife, deserted, and left me cast into prison upon a charge utterly untrue, and for which I served a sentence of three years—in order that you might obtain a divorce from me, and be free to make a wealthy marriage. That, at least, was the reason that Caleb Brown, your accomplice, gave me, when, after he was shot in a saloon brawl, I got down to his bedside, and in the words of a true actor I tell them that it requires years of study to make an actor, and, though they may not laugh in your face, they will undoubtedly do so behind your back. Why ? Well, we often hear people confess that they are bores, though they may not have no inclination to go on the stage. Yet of the fifty who shall go on the stage and fail, one half will never realize, wonderful to say, their own lack of ability or observation and their own personal disqualifications for the boards as the cause. Actors and actresses are born. Of course there are men and women, with rare exceptions, are not born actors and actresses, and become so simply through study, observation, and dear experience, such as are *termed* born actors and actresses being persons with a naturally strong imitative faculty, and who, spite of brilliant practice, do not always do not, brilliant debuts; for acting, after all, consists in something more than mimicry.

Now, the mischief arising from regarding the profession as one to which no apprenticeship is necessary, and as one that a person has but to walk into to secure success on gain the topmost round, is not only detrimental to a novice, but entails, besides, great loss of valuable time to him or her in correcting this false idea; and many people are on the stage a long time before they get their eyes open to the fact that there is no royal road to acting, but that they must depend upon themselves, and through their own powers of observation be self-instructed, as has heretofore been described. When not acting yourself, go to the theatre and see others act; but you must not look at the performance with the same eyes as the man at your elbow. He comes for amusement; you come for instruction. He does not bother his brain *how* it is all done, as long as he is entertained; you must see *how* it is done, and not regard it as for your entertainment. You will find it an irksome task, but a valuable one.

The biographer of Master Betty (the once great prodigy) says: "Never having witnessed a performance before, fortunately his eyes first lighted on perfection," his first visit to a theatre being to witness a performance of the great Siddons. But one may learn a great deal from bad acting as well as good, for we may at least learn what to avoid.

If, for instance, in witnessing an amateur performance you will *observe* how these would-be players huddle together in a scene like frightened sheep, you will at least have learned to keep your distance from a fellow-actor on the stage, I hope, if you would not yourself pass for an amateur. If you have ever had the pleasure of seeing either Miss Leclercq or Miss Fanny Davenport, or any other first-class actress, in the character of Lady Gay Spanker, and should afterwards witness an amateur essay the same part, you will observe that the famous hunting-speech, beginning "There were sixty horses in the field," is entered upon by those ladies in a different way from the amateur actress, who will inevitably get up her steam immediately at very high pressure, and consequently, not being able to increase in power and intensity as the progresses, her speech will fall flat and tame at the climax, and be rewarded by but a feeble round of applause. The real actress, you will call to mind, in reciting the famous speech, shrewdly rose, and by degrees in vigor, vivacity and vim, and at the finale brought down the house with well-merited applause. This is technically called "working up a point;" but with observation you will soon discriminate in such matters for yourself, without any guide but your common sense and good judgment.

Let me give you one or two instances, however, of lack of observation in a real theatre, the drama being "The Sea of Ice." The mutinous sailors tossed their mouldy biscuits into the raging sea, said biscuits, each falling with a crack on the boards behind the scenes, sending a general titter round the house; the Ogarita of the night dressed under the burning sun of the tropical country in the wrappings and skins better calculated for Alaska; the walking lady in a velvet train in a South American forest; and the Carlos of the night's costume embellished by a pink check-shirt on shipboard, said Carlos arriving in Mexico, having been shipwrecked, and finally coming into possession of untold gold and gorgeous Spanish apparel, when, lo and behold ! he did not discard the pink check-shirt, but wore it still ! Why dwell upon such trifles ? Simply because these trifles marred, in a slight degree, a very fine performance, and to impress upon you that there is nothing on the stage, however trifling in the smallest detail, but is worthy of the attention of a true artist. As there is light and shade in painting, so there is, or should be, in acting. The artist who ignores light and shade gives us but dreary pictures; and the actor (and he is of the type known as the "wooden," or the "cast-iron") utterly dispensing with flexibility, which is the very essence of light and shade in acting, soon wearies his audience by his obtuse monotony. What ails the "cast-iron actor ?" Nature has not moulded his features less facile than other men's, though we might deem it so to look upon his imperturbable countenance while on the stage; nor has nature set him apart, devoid of heart, soul and human sympathy. Oh, no ! though to witness his acting one might almost believe nature had robbed him of every attribute except—well, say lungs and power of locomotion. Then, what ails the "cast-iron" actor, whom no passion can rouse to aught save a senseless, ranting frenzy, whom no stage situation, however thrilling, however pathetic, however comical, can induce to yield a jot of his stolid manner, and whom no amount of stage experience, seemingly, can teach to unbend, though but ever so little, in his mockery of "holding the mirror up to nature ?" Why, since he first put his foot upon the stage he has never once called his power of observation into play. That power, so to speak, is dead within him. What he has learned of his profession is the stage business in the humdrum of the rehearsals. He has mastered the rough technicalities of stage business, and he has a good study, probably ("cast-iron" actors always have), and he can swallow thirty lengths and think nothing of it. He calls himself an actor, but he is simply a machine, who mightily grinds out the words set down for him, and mechanically goes through the routine of a performance as rehearsed, correct in entrances, exits, crossings, etc., and that is all; and herein he thinks his task accomplished. Talk to him of nature !—as well talk to the proscenium. He believes in *acting*. Talk to him of embodying a character to the *life* !—as well talk to the moon and stars. Does he play a prince to-night, the next a pirate, you shall mark no difference but in the words put into his mouth and the dress on his back, and his voice will ever grate in the old monotony. His voice ! He has trained it. It is the one thing needful on the stage. He is a master in elocution, and consequently never utters a word upon the stage in a natural tone. Dear young professional, avoid the "cast-iron" school. Its followers can gain eminence on earth, and are not in accord with audiences or with the higher grade of professionals.

Rossi the Italian tragedian gives an account of Miss Neilson, "your handsome English actress," coming to him for advice: She recited some passages from Juliet, and when she had finished he recited them after her. She then said:

"Mr. Rossi, if you are right, I am all wrong." His answer was: "Miss Neilson, you *declaim*."

So, in playing a Shakespearian part, an actor or an actress may speak naturally without sacrilege. What though uttering the words of the "divine William," one need not get up stilts to reach upward to him. He wrote for men and women, though often, to hear his lines spoken, you might not believe that the general supposition. There is a saying: "The fool looking on is wiser than the man who is acting." So, if any fool point out your errors in acting, take it in good part, whether so meant or not, and profit by it, though he who is seeking to enlighten and those who want it the most always like it the least."

Remember that on the stage we are judged by *what* we do, not by what we *can* do. If you have talent, bide your time—it will be rewarded. Meanwhile, you need not entertain the greenroom with your expectations or disappointments. There is nothing that a young man at his first appearance in the world has more reason to dread, and therefore should take more pains to avoid, than having any ridicule fixed on him. In the opinion even of the most rational men it will degrade him, and ruin him with the rest. Many a man has been undone by acquiring a ridiculous nickname. Now, in the theatrical profession there is one especial nickname that you will do well not to incur, and that is "The Crushed Actor." If you feel yourself crushed, and are discontented, keep the facts to yourself. You will gain no sympathy in publishing them, and will gain the above unenviable designation. Few actors are crushed but through some fault or folly of their own; and if you will calmly review your experience, you will see the truth of this.

Many young people about to go on the stage, ambitiously anxious to be doing, understudy (as it is called) a variety of long parts that they can have little hope of ever acting, and cannot act for a long time to come, at least. This is not at all a good plan; for in such cases the student takes ample and leisure time to commit the parts to memory; and as you begin, so you will go on in the matter of studying for the stage. If you allow yourself ample time to learn a part, when actually called upon to study one at short notice, you will find it perplexing and difficult to do. To prepare yourself for such an exigency, commit to memory a part of say four or five lengths in a given time. Make up your mind to be perfect in that time—concentrate all your attention on the part; meanwhile *think* of nothing else. If you fail at first, still persevere, for you will have need in the future to congratulate yourself that you have done so. Avoid the habit of copying out a part to assist you in studying it. This is needless labor and great waste of time. I have known actors, having once contracted this silly habit, who have found it impossible afterwards to study any part without first writing it off, and many an actor having to study a character in haste is first at the necessity of sitting up half the night (with the written part before him), setting it down in his own hand, before committing a word of it to memory. Remember that the worst study will improve with practice, and those who have the quickest study on the stage soon forget a part, and have shortly to study it again. Therefore improve you study, if possible. Pacing the floor while conning the words you will find exhausting and stupid work in the end. Learn your parts at home, and not behind the scenes. No man can study properly there, and I never knew a true artist to attempt it except in case of emergency. Indeed, no true artist ever go upon the stage imperfect in the text except in a case of great emergency. A conscientious actor is always more or less nervous in a new part, to a certain degree even when dead-letter perfect; while the "fishing for the lines" while acting makes a man or woman tenfold more nervous. Ask any experienced actor if a man can play a part at all creditably who is imperfect in the words, and his answer will be a decided negative. Actors all know there is no panacea in the world for stage-fright. Being dead-letter perfect, plenty of rehearsals, taking plenty of time to dress, and using no stimulant to mitigate its horrors, are the only known precautions available. Dutch courage, as it is termed, has, eventually, ruined more actors than dramatic incapability; and there is no more mournful sight than that of the actor whom habit has so far confirmed that he cannot face the footlights without a stiff drink, nor continue through the night's performance without a repetition of the dose between each act. All through your dramatic experience you will see that this treacherous aid finally defeats its purpose, and leaves the victim a wreck in memory, intellect and reputation. If you happen to be cursed with a rehearsal, which you should never be, you need not kill off your wife's mother or some relative on that account, nor set your house on fire, nor set the hands of the clock back, for the lie will inevitably be discovered, and you will share the notoriety on that score with a well-known actor.

Gesture, graceful and correct, upon the stage is highly important; but no rules can be laid down on paper that will be the slightest service to you in the theatre, though there are books written on the subject, and plentifully illustrated, which are highly amusing, but not instructive. There are people on the stage to whom it must be conceded that they are as near perfection in gesticulation as it is possible for an actor or an actress to be—Mr. Lester Wallack, and Mrs. John Drew of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. Either of these artists is a model in that particular for any young actor or actress. A few men upon the stage, except those of a very high order of talent, define the difference in personating a villain between the gentleman and the boor. This remark is particularly applicable to the impersonators of the characters of Sir Francis Levison in "East Lynne" and the King of Spain in "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

An endeavor has been made to show you that tact as well as talent is necessary to theatrical success; and what you say and do behind the scenes and in the greenroom is quite as important as what you say and do upon the stage; and when, in your daily experience in theatrical life, you shall see people double your own age saying and doing things hurtful to themselves and hurtful to others, blindly ruining their own interests by thoughtless words and deeds, you will not surely deem the following quotations at all dictatorial or ill-placed.

Some people cannot gain upon themselves to be easy and civil to those who are either their rivals, competitors, or opposers, though, independently of those accidental circumstances, they would like and esteem them. They betray a shyness and awkwardness in company with them, and catch at any little thing to expose them; and so, from temporary and only occasional opponents, make them their personal enemies. This is exceedingly weak and detrimental, as, indeed, is all humor in business, which can only be carried on successfully by unadulterated good policy and right reasoning. In such situations

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

HOW BONES GOT HIS BOOTS.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Mr. Bones, I understand that our friend has been getting married.

BONES.—Yes, dat is so. I was down to dat spread myself. Dat's his second funeral.

INT.—Did he take a bridal tour?

BONES.—Don't know dat he took a *bridle to her*, but he used ter take de breechen-strap to de odder one—yes, indeedy!

INT.—Poor woman; but so wags the world—a pill in a man's mouth makes the whole world bitter.

TAMBO.—And a *pillar* er two under a fellow's head when asleep makes de whole world sweet.

INT.—Yes; what says the bard? "Balmy sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer."

BONES.—Dat's so, too; how calm he sleeps, unless he is a snorer.

INT.—I was quoting Shakespeare.

BONES.—Oh, I thought you meant de feller on de piller.

TAMBO.—Dat's a putty nice pair of boots you's got on, Bones—been a fire lately?

BONES.—No Numfin ub de sort. Bet dere aint a man yere kin guess how I got 'em.

TAMBO.—Guess you histed 'em?

BONES.—No.

TRIANGLE.—Pulled 'em?

BONES.—No. Once more.

BANJO.—Made 'em?

BONES.—No.

INT.—We all give it up.

BONES.—Knowed yer couldn't guess. Well, I bought 'em, and paid for 'em. Got 'em dirt cheap, too.

TAMBO.—How much?

BONES.—Two dollars. Don't see how dey come to let me hab 'em so cheap.

TAMBO.—Easy nuff—dey thought you was in de lumber business, and *soled* dem to you wholesale by de foot.

BONES.—Bet yer can't tell me why de cheapest kind ub lead-pencils am like a dining-room table?

TAMBO.—Aint on it dis time.

BONES.—Well, the cheapest kind ub lead-pencils am like a dining-room table bekase dey am a *centre-piece* (cent a piece).

TAMBO.—Hit 'em again. Why am a bar-room like a circus-ring?

BONES.—Bekase it am covered wid sawdust.

TAMBO.—No; a bar-room am like a circus-ring bekase it am used to show *tights*.

INT.—Go up ahead. That's the worst of the session. Mr. Wagner will oblige.

"AINT THEY FINE!"
Song-and-Dance.

TO BROWNE AND HAMPEL OF OAKLAND, CAL.
BY J. F.

We do not come to tell you
All about the girl we love,
How we cried to "mash" her,
Or that she's a turtle-dove;
But we intend to show you
Something in the dancing line,
That we're sure, when you have seen us,
You will say: "Oh, aint they fine!"

Chorus.—Now watch the meanderings of our feet—[*Sym.*]
We have got a style that can't be beat—[*Sym.*]
We are laughing, dancing, prancing,
Jolly sort of nigs;
We beat anything upon the globe
In essence, clog or jigs [*Dance*].

One night, at a colored ball—
Both of us were there—
We were asked to do some dancing,
To please the ladies fair (?).
We danced upon the ballroom floor,
Though the office forbidden.
When we put in our heavy licks
They all said: "Aint they fine!"

Chorus.—Now watch, etc.

Some other night we'll tell you
Of the pretty girls we know.
How by chance we got acquainted,
And which one is our beau;
But, as the ev'ning's growing late,
And we can't stay all the time,
We will say: good-night to you—
Now, don't you think we're fine?

Chorus.—Now watch, etc.

Oakland, Cal., Oct., 1876.

THE WARREN THEATRE,
Boston, Mass., in 1834.

F. A. Searle of Boston sends us a copy of a bill of performances given in the above-named theatre at the period mentioned. The Warren Theatre occupied the site of the late National, and was originally an amphitheatre, erected in 1809 by Jeremiah Bumstead, to Theodore Washburn for William and Thomas L. Stewart, the owners, by whom it was first opened Feb. 27, 1832, for equestrian purposes. Dramatic performances were also given upon a small stage. On May 12, 1832, the late William Pelby secured a five years' lease of it, converted it into a regular theatre, and opened it on the following July 3 with "Victorine" and "The Spoiled Child," the receipts being $60.75. That was the commencement of Mr. Pelby's managerial career in Boston. He died in that city May 28, 1850. Of those whose names appear in the bill, William Rufus Blake, Oliver E. Durivage, A. W. Fenno, Charles J. Houpt, F. S. Hill, Miss Ophelia Pelby—afterwards Mrs. Anderson—and Mrs. Asbury—afterwards Mrs. Mann—are dead. J. S. Jones is living in retirement in Boston; Joseph Proctor is still before the public; Miss Lane is now Mrs. John Drew of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia; Mrs. La Forrest is residing in retirement in the last-named city; Mrs. Houpt, who of late years has been known under her maiden name of Miss Cushman, is residing in retirement in San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Kinlock is residing in retirement with her daughter; and Master Louis Mestayer is now acting in the Olympic Theatre, in this city. The Mr. Rice who played Lord Greville should not be confounded with T. D. (Jim Crow) Rice, who played a star engagement at this theatre about that period.

WARREN THEATRE,
Corner of Portland and Travers streets.
Wm. Pelby.....Proprietor
First night of
MAJOR JACK DOWNING,
with new and characteristic scenery by Bartholomew.
ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1834,
will be produced the comeay in 3 acts, compiled and selected for dramatic representation by W. K. Blake, called
MAJOR JACK DOWNING AT HOME AND ABROAD.
Major Jack Downing of Downingville, "away down East".....W. R. Blake
Sergeant Joel of the Downingville Blues.....O. E. Durivage
Lord Greville.....Mr. Rice
Sir Basil Fiddler.....A. Fenno
Flitter, Valet to Basil.....J. S. Jones
Zekiel Bigelow.....Mr. Hillsmore
Zenas Doolittle.....J. Proctor
Hen. Newton Greville.....C. J. Houpt
Newton Greville, Jr.....P. S. Hill
Uncle Joshua Downing.....Mr. Eberle
Ephraim Downing.....Mr. Maynard
Deacon Willoby.....Mr. Pelby
Downingville folks, blacksmith, teamster, help, etc., etc., clerk at hotel, waiters, lords and ladies, etc., by ladies and gentlemen of the company.
Sarah Downing, niece to Maj. Jack.....Miss Pelby
Patience Willoby, the Deacon's Darter.....Miss Lane
Marchioness Lottier.....Mrs. La Forrest
Lady Amelia Fiddler.....Mrs. Houpt
Jenny.....Mrs. Phillimore
Hon. Mrs. Primitive Greville.....Mrs. Kinlock
Countess Nadab Downing.....Mrs. Asbury
Viscountess Lag.....Mrs. Kerr
ACT I.—Preparations for the Arrival of the Hero of Maine—Town Meeting Organized—View of Downingville—Resolution Passed Unanimously—Major Arrives—Major Jack Downing March, by Norton—Military Parade by the Downingville Blues, headed by Sergeant Joel—Meeting of the Downingville Belles—Dance—The Great Patent Churn—An Incident Connected with It.
ACT II.—Washington—View of the Capital—A Duel—A Visit from the Phrenological Society—Departure for Europe.
ACT III.—London—View of the City—Pride of Ancestry—Heroic Lodging and Bowing stroke—The Major Wide Awake and "Dear for Trade"—All Parties Satisfied—Preparations for a Return to Uncle Sam's Territory.
Previous to which, a farce of
NO! NO! NO!
Sir George.....Mr. A. Fenno
Com. Hurricane.....
Mr. Phillimore
Smart.....Mr. Benson
Frederick.....Mr. T. D. Rice
Andrew.....Mr. Eberle
Mrs. Laforrest will sing with Mr. Rice an original duet.
Doors open at 7; curtain will rise at 7½.
Boxes, 50c.; Pit, 25c. No money taken at the door. Checks not transferable.

SOLID WITH THE GANG.

AIR—*Sailing on the Lake.*

TO MISS JOSIE GAY, BY JOHN MCVEIGH.

New subjects now are heard to say,
With me you'll all agree;
But yet I have another one,
As you will plainly see.
I think 'twill please you just as well
As any that I've sung,
And the title that I gave it is—
Be solid with the gang.

Chorus.—Be solid with the gang,
No matter where you go;
If you would thrive while you're alive,
Be solid with the gang.

If into business you should go,
Why, let this be your plan:
Be honest and industrious,
And help your fellow-man.
Keep well up with the tide, my boys,
Your business do up bang;
If this from do you'll never rue—
Be solid with the gang.

Chorus.—Be solid with the gang, etc.

If politics should be your aim,
No matter what they be,
To principles be always true—
Take this advice from me:
Be prompt to duty in each case,
Be honest as you can:
Steal naught but what the laws allow,
Be solid with the gang.

Chorus.—Be solid with the gang, etc.

FRANK CHANFRAU
in Troy, N. Y., in 1860.

Of those named in the following bill, John B. Addis, Owen Marlowe, W. H. Hamblin and Charles Salisbury are dead. F. S. Chanfrau is starring; Edmond Pillet is now a journalist in this city; T. B. McDonough is business-manager for Joseph Jefferson, who is starring in England; T. J. Herndon is business-manager for Baker and Farron, who are now starring in Australia; Frank Mordaunt is traveling with Mrs. Chanfrau's Combination; Miss Anna E. Dillingham married and retired from the stage; Mrs. Salisbury is living in retirement; Mrs. Marlowe is acting in Toronto, Ont. Bill contributed by Frank Mordaunt.

TROY THEATRE.
J. B. Addis.....Stage-manager
Mr. Hamblin.....Acting-manager
LAST NIGHT OF MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.
Mark this. The public voice demands it.
LINDA THE GIGAR-GIRL.
Mose Morrison.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
And the comic burletta of
THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.
Jeremy Clip.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
In which character he will give his
GREAT IMITATIONS
of most of the popular actors of the day.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 18, 1860,
will be presented the highly successful drama of
LINDA THE CIGAR-GIRL.
Mose Morrison.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
Edward Bradley.....Clerk of the Court....Jones
Mr. Marlowe | Foozle.....Addis
Fred Lillywhite.....Bill, a Newsboy....Miss Wall
W. H. Hamblin | Linda the Cigar-girl.
Chowles.....Edmond Pillet | Miss Dillingham
Peckmiff.....McDonough | Sarah Smith...Mrs. Salisbury
Hodge.....Herndon | Emma Bradley.Mrs. Marlowe
Mr. Sherwood.....Johnson | Mrs. Granby Godson.
Henry Russell.....Mordaunt | Mrs. Smithson
Thomas.....Salisbury | Bridget.....Mrs. Rugby
Firemen, Loafers, Mob, etc.
To commence with the laughable farce of
THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.
Jeremy Clip.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
with imitations of Forrest, Booth, Kean, B. Williams, Murdoch, and Jim Crow Rice.
Mr. Twitter.....Mr. Mordaunt
Mr. Tremaine Pelham Podge.....Herndon
Mrs. Rattleton.....Miss Dillingham
Mrs. Twitter.....Miss Wall
Jane Chatterly.....Mrs. Marlowe

HARRIET GORDON, whose name appeared in a bill published in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES of the issue dated Oct. 14 last, and who was stated as living in Australia, we have since learned died in New Zealand in April, 1869. Her husband, John P. Hyde, is still acting in Australia.

QUITE BLASE.

TO MISS ANNIE PHILLIPS.
BY CHARLES EBERLE.

You've been heard, no doubt, about that swell—
He says his name is Dashon—
He talks quite loud about his clothes,
And says he is the fashion.
Last week I met him in the Park—
I chanced to walk that way—
He had a paper collar on—
I thought he looked blase.

Chorus.—Quite blase, quite blase,
He had no style in any way;
Quite blase, quite blase,
Though once a swell, he's now blase.

Last Friday night, when Sarah Jones
Invited him to tea,
He wore a button-hole bonquet
In a coat quite sad to see.
His pants they needed length'ning out,
Boots borrowed of Pat Shea;
In fact, in all his style of dress
He looked to me blase.

Chorus.—Quite blase, etc.

I think he'd marry Sarah Jones,
Though he don't care to win
Her heart or e'en affection, but
Her rich old papa's tin.
So this advice I'll freely give,
And to you girls would say
Don't wed a man who tries to be
A swell when quite blase.

Chorus.—Quite blase, etc.

HYATT & CO.'S CIRCUS
in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1859.

Of the company mentioned in the appended copy of an advertisement cut from a local journal of the period named, J. Naylor, H. Marks (with John Murray's Circus), George Archer, Nat Rogers (with Montgomery Queen's Circus now on the Pacific coast), and Joe Dickson are living. Oliver Bell is dead. Tom Osborne the clown may possibly be still living, although we have not heard from him for some time.

WAIT FOR THE FAST TRAIN.
PROGRESSING WITH THE AGE.
Ahead of the old-time exhibitions.
HYATT & CO.'S
newly equipped and splendidly appointed
RAILROAD CIRCUS
will switch off at
INDIANAPOLIS MONDAY, MAY 16,
and exhibit for two days only, commencing at 2 and 7½ P. M.
Admission—To box, 50c.; Pit, 25c. Children to box, half price.
In the extensive list of first-class talent it will be necessary to particularize merely the leading members, who are as household words in the bright circle of Olympian celebrities.

MLLE. VICTORINE,
the prima-donna of the Grand Opera unique, Paris.
MLLE. JOSEPHINE,
the beautiful and accomplished equilibrist, on the Slender Wire.
FRANK STARK,
the celebrated bareback rider, and rival of the far-famed Melville, the barebacked horseman.
J. NAYLOR,
the elegant and perfect scenic and dramatic equestrian.
OLIVER BELL,
the accomplished horseman and general gymnast.
H. MARKS,
the famous equestrio-dramatic rider and comic deliberator on horseback.
GEORGE ARCHER,
a performer unequaled upon the globes.
MESSRS GRESH AND BURT,
the exquisite performers upon the Perche and Trapeze.
T. WILLIAMS,
the Hercules of the modern Cirque.
NAT. ROGERS,
the protean performer, acrobat, gymnast, and equestrian.
JOE DICKSON,
a sprite of Momus and general purveyor of fun.
TOM OSBORN, THE CLOWN,
an original of the purse, unadulterated school of Grimaldi, whose brilliant and unbounded powers are varied, and effervescent as champagne, alike sparkles and exhilarates.
A full complement of
PANTOMIMISTS, VOLTIGUERS, ACROBATS AND SUPERNUMERARIES,
and all the etceteras of a well-appointed Amphitheatre are attached to the establishment, which, in its general ensemble, can defy competition.
A CAVALCADE PROCESSION,
with splendid equestrian trappings and appointments, will pace each street after the arrival of the cars at each place of exhibition; the cortege being led by
HERR BUNNELL'S MILITARY BAND,
comprising the most select corps of musicians now attached to any traveling exhibition.

MY DAUGHTER MARY ANN.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

In the ould Fourth Ward I do reside—
I've resided there for years—
I'm well known an' respicted, for
I mind my own affairs;
I have three sons—fine, noble boys—
Charles, Eugene an' Dan;
But the flower of my family is
My daughter Mary Ann.

Chorus.—There's not so nate, so trim, so swate
A girl in all the lan';
I don't know what I'd do without
My daughter Mary Ann.

Since her poor mother (rest her sowl)
Was laid away in Calvary,
She's been at wanst a helpmate an'
A comfort unto me;
She minds the boys in school each day,
The house keeps spick an' span,
The neighbors all spake well about
My daughter Mary Ann.

Chorus.—There's not so nate, etc.

I work all day along the shore,
I earn the bit I ate,
My clothes are not so grand as those
Worn by the rich an' great;
But still wid all I'm not exchange
My lot wid any man—
I am continted while I have
My daughter Mary Ann.

Chorus.—There's not so nate, etc.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS
by English Officers in Yokohama, Japan, in 1865.

G. K. Hyde sends us a bill of the above, printed upon pink satin. The ladies in the cast were American professionals. Alicia Thorne, then the wife of Edwin F. Thorne, but since divorced, is now known as Alicia Mandeville, and pursues her profession in California; Mrs. Yeamans occasionally appears upon the dramatic stage here, and, when not so engaged, accompanies her daughters—professionally known as the Yeamans Sisters—during their engagements in variety theatres.

GARRISON AMATEUR THEATRICALS,
AT THE GODOWN, No. 32 YOKOHAMA,
by permission of the Commandant,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1865,
the performance will commence with the laughable farce, in one act, entitled
THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM,
OR THE GHOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Mr. Nicodemus.....J. M. W. Silver, Esq., R. M. L. I.
Squire Aldwinkle.....W. J. Barker, Esq., R. M. L. I.
Capt. Vauntington.....G. F. Cook, Esq., XX Reg't
Dickory.....R. H. Dwyer, Esq., R. M. L. I.
Paul.....H. E. Beecher, Esq., XX Reg't
Georgiana Aldwinkle.....Miss Alicia Thorne
Lavina, her cousin.....Mrs. Yeamans
After which (by desire) MISS ALICIA THORNE will sing the favorite ballad of
ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' THE DEE.
To conclude with
THE BLIGHTED BEING.

Job Worl.....Fred Harris, XX Reg't
Ned Spanker.....J. C. Peters, Esq., R. M. L. I.
Thaddeus O'Rafferty.....A. E. Beaumont, Esq., XX Reg't
Human Spanker.....
By the kind permission of Col. Browne and officers, the band of the XX Regt. will attend, under the direction of MR. J. M. NAMICK.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture—"Masaniello,".....Auber
2. Waltz—"The Dream of the Rose."".....Buckhardt
3. Quadrille—"Muesn.".....Strauss
4. Waltz—"Queen of the Harvest.".....Coote
5. Galop—"Verlobungs.".....Kuhner
"God Save the Queen."

Tickets—price $2—may be had by or through members from the stewards of the U. S. Club. No money taken at the door.

There will be reserved seats for the convenience of ladies, tickets for which can be obtained from the manager only.

Doors open at 8.30. To commence at 9.

Manager.....FRED. HARRIS, ESQ., XX Regt.
Stage-manager.....W. I. Barker, Esq., R. M. L. I.

LITTLE BROWNIE.

TO MISS MAY MONTELLO.

O my Brownie! Miss Lyd—I miss you!
Sure no earthly tongue can tell;
I'll not repeat the "old, old story,"
For thou know'st my love too well.
Dreary seems the time, my darling,
And as years doth seem each day
Since our cruel, cruel parting,
When each took a different way.

Chorus.—Brownie, Mamie, how I miss thee
On this dark and dreary day;
Oh, may thy future just as bright be
As the gladsome days of May.

Thou art my guiding star and beacon
Through my rugged path in life;
Soon I hope to find a haven
From this unrelentless strife;
Darkest clouds have lining, love,
They say of silver bright—
Pray He may bless thy future, love,
So I'll wish thee sweet good-night.

Chorus.—Little Brownie, shall I meet thee
On some future happy day?
May good angels watch and guard thee—
Little Brownie, darling May. ILLIE.

OUR COMPANY COMPLETE.*

BY ED. DUFFY.

Having sent our *Messenger* to THE CLIPPER office to insert an ad. for talent and a partner who would invest 500 *Cue-s*, we received answers from a *Banker* in *Manchester*, who agreed to *Back-us* for the amount. For leader of orchestra we secured a dramatic performer who formerly did *Straight* business. The *Pastor* of a church in *Rhode* Island applied for leadership of brass band, stating that he practiced so much on the cornet that he was completely *Bent-up*; we told him he had better *Lev-i-t* alone, as we had engaged a *Duffer* for the posish. The great *Gorman*-dizer (the one who eats stones) telegraphed us from the *Villa* de Havre on the Rhodes, saying he had been *Rosa*-ing around the country, and did not have a *Nickle* to pay his fare with. We replied that we did not ad-*Vance* fares, and told him to go *West*. A *Coon* from the Georgia Minstrels, who was rather *Green* in the business, we engaged as cloggist; he not being *Well* up to the *Mark*, the boys *Guy*-ed him so much that he quit us suddenly one *Day*, taking with him some props (a stuffed *Fox* and a *Raccoon*), which we used in an act. We received a postal *Curr*-d from a live *Lord* (who was always boasting of his *Good-Blood*), stating he was a ventriloquis. He gave some very *Good* imitations of a *Hog-an'* several other *Kines* of animals. We were completely *Riddel*-ed with applications from serio-comic singers, one lady saying that her singing of that beautiful song, "*Jordan* was a hard road to trabel" was so grand that the audience *Clepp*-ed their hands in delight. We had considerable trouble in *Chacing* after song-and-dance men, but a *Ray* of *Bliss* illumined our countenance as we observed a *Granger Cumming* into our office, who formerly did that line of business, and said he would practice *Daily* until he heard from the man who "wanted a date," whom he expected to double up with.

*The names in italics are those of a few of our prominent variety performers.

ANCESTRY OF THE PEN.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue; and, about the eighth century, the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese, but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1536 by a German, at Dartmouth, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1813—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin, but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently reeds, pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used.

A PATRIOTIC Serbian has translated "Yankee Doodle" into his native tongue, and the air is so popular that it bids fair to become the national air of that struggling race. The words are as follows:

Yenghiatoyitch Dhoodalovitski camerowsk tetovwapki
Ridingelonk onorlich poneslowdonk;
Stuckorvelakono fneatheromouk inter his hatovitch,
Adenuk colladowsak macharonitoveaski.
The rest is awful.—*Hawkeye.*

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

AN OHIO ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Barnard F. Roswell is a merchant and woolgrower in the Western Reserve of Ohio. He makes his home near Youngstown, Mahoning County, and in the course of an active business life of forty years had amassed considerable wealth. His wife had been dead about sixteen years, and his family consisted of a son, now in the employ of the United States Corps of Engineers, and a daughter seventeen years old, a graduate from Vassar College. Running on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad was employed as a passenger-conductor Mr. Frank Pattison. He met Miss Roswell on the train frequently, and became acquainted with her. Acquaintance led to friendship, friendship to intimacy, and intimacy ripened into love. Roswell objected to the association of his daughter with a railroad conductor, and forbade Pattison the house. Secret meetings were arranged between the enamored pair; but, seeing no hope of receiving the consent of the obdurate parent, they determined to elope. Pattison quietly obtained leave of absence from the manager of the road, and Miss Roswell obtained her father's permission to visit a friend in Canfield, a neighboring town. She did not return, and the father, filled with the gravest apprehensions, set out to seek her. She had not been to Canfield at all, and, hearing just at this time that Pattison had get leave of absence, he started in pursuit. In the meantime the fleeing couple had crossed the Allegheny Valley, where they took the main stem of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Their train was belated, and the one upon which Mr. Roswell was following overtook them just outside of Allegheny, and the two trains consolidated, and were taken into Pittsburg. In some mysterious way both parties escaped seeing each other until, just as the train on the Pennsylvania road was about to pull out from the depot, Pattison saw his father-in-law boarding the same train, and, without waiting for bag or baggage, the lovers slipped out of the car at the other end, and saw the train which bore their pursuer speed eastward. Marriage was determined on at once. The Rev. Dr. Grimes performed the ceremony, and the couple took the train to the Centennial to enjoy their wedding-trip. The party reached Philadelphia, spent a few days, and yesterday morning took the limited express for Washington, intending to go home over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. But the fleeing couple were not to be deprived of information about the route Pattison would probably pursue; so he watched all the trains through the Charles-street station. Yesterday, when the limited express rolled in, he was there, and in the window of a Pullman car sat his daughter, glowing and happy in her new station. She was resplendent, and, placidly smiling on the old gentleman, said: "How de do, pa?" The rest as usual.—*Baltimore* (Md.) *American*, Oct. 14.

A MARRIED MAN AND A MAIDEN'S ESCAPADE.

Bacon Hill is a quiet country town, situated near Schuylerville, Saratoga County, and the people are of that sort called retired. They do not do much business, and that is quite quiet. Little settlement resides the mature maidens who relished a morsel of choice gossip such as not often appears in the town. Less than three years ago, Edward Woodward, a well-to-do young man, wooed and won Anna, the entertaining daughter of Winchester Ballard. The newly-made husband and bride were known to neighbors for some time, and his young wife was contented to live with her parents. In May of the present year the couple went to housekeeping, and the husband engaged to work for James Fake during the season, hiring him with adequate wages. The persons of Lizzie Harris and Lizzie E. Herring, two girls of about fourteen years of age each. It is charged that Williamson, who is married, and a general favorite with the ladies, in passing the residence of Miss Herring's parents, and noticing that the girls were all alone, enticed them into a room of the house and assaulted them. Before Alderman Parsons the prisoner waived a hearing, and gave $3,000 bail for his appearance at court to answer. George H. Parrish and P. J. Lynch became his bondsmen. The affair caused the attendance of a large crowd of excited spectators, in anticipation of the expected hearing. Much bitter feeling was expressed."

DIVORCED FROM A DIVINE.—Says a dispatch from Hartford, Ct., dated Oct. 18: "In the Superior Court, to-day, a decree of divorce was granted in favor of the wife of Rev. F. H. Buffum, late of the Congregational Church in East Hartford, on the ground of Buffum's guilt of the crime of adultery. The custody of the children was given to Mrs. Buffum. This afternoon one of the children was secreted by Buffum, and has not yet been found. The Sheriff, on visiting Buffum to-day, to serve upon him the order of the Court for the surrender of the child, found him in bed, with a loaded revolver by his side, of which the Sheriff took possession. Last Spring Buffum was dismissed from his charge by his church council, who refused to give him papers, virtually expelling him from the ministry.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

McLaughlin Masters Martin.

The question which has for some months been in dispute, as to whether Col. James H. McLaughlin of Detroit, Mich., or Jacob H. Martin, the muscular butcher of Ypsilanti, in the same State, was the better man in the art of square-hold, or collar-and-elbow, wrestling, was decided at Central Park Garden, this city, on Monday evening, Oct. 16. It will be remembered that these men had two meetings previously, both occurring at Detroit, and each terminating in the taking-down of the stake-money after a contest of a most unsatisfactory character, prolonged for hours. It is claimed by McLaughlin that, had the gentlemen chosen as referees upon said occasions enforced the rules under which the men had bound themselves to wrestle, he must certainly have won without great trouble, and the way in which he handled his antagonist on the 16th assuredly tended to bear out the truth of his statements. The trouble at the previous meetings was that Martin (who is said to be able to lift over 1,300 pounds, dead weight, with his right hand), instead of taking hold of Mac's collar with the right hand, as required by the rules, grasped the lappel of the latter's coat, and, stiffening his arm (another violation of the rules), effectually prevented McLaughlin from getting close enough to do any execution. Appeal was repeatedly made to the referee; but, though that official cautioned Martin, a repetition of the offense did not, for some reason or other, which it would be absurd to call ignorance, involve any penalty. Consequently, when the butcher-boy, a few weeks ago, challenged the Colonel to another battle, the latter accepted the defi upon certain conditions, the most noticeable being that one of four gentlemen named by him, any one of whom could be relied upon to act with strict justice in the premises, would be chosen referee, and to this Martin agreed. Partly with a view to the spoils which the principals expected to derive from this public exhibition of their prowess—the stakes being but $500 a side, and the gate-money being, we believe, equally divided—it was mutually agreed that the contest should take place in the metropolis. Efforts were made to secure a commodious hall in a central location; but, unfortunately for the pecuniary interests of the contestants and others interested in the affair, all efforts in this direction failed, and they were obliged finally to fall back upon Central Park Garden, at Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street. As might have been expected, the out-of-the-way character of the place operated against the financial success of the enterprise, while the unwise action of the managers in fixing the rates of admission at $2 and $1 also had an unfavorable effect on the receipts. The people had quite enough of these fancy prices during the period when the Grseco-Roman matches and their manipulators were reaping a harvest of greenbacks at the expense of the public. Still, over eight hundred persons were in the garden when the men appeared upon the carpeted stage, at 8.30 P. M. Just here a few words concerning the principals will be in place.

McLaughlin was born in Oneida, N. Y., in June, 1843, stands about 6ft. 1in. in height, and weighs considerably over 200lb in condition. His first public match was with Homer Lane, the noted wrestler of this city, and a man perhaps more accomplished in the art than Mac, but no match for him in size or strength. They met in the Spring of 1868, at Oneida, and McLaughlin won. They met again in Devereaux Hall, same place, Sept. 1, that year, and this time the verdict was in favor of Lane, though the backers of McLaughlin afterwards asserted that they had positive proof that the match had not been decided upon its merits. Not long afterwards, Mac went out West, and on March 10, 1870, won the first prize, a champion belt valued at $300, at a collar-and-elbow tournament held at Young Men's Hall, Detroit. Jas. De Foe of Detroit won the second prize, a gold medal valued at $150, and Matt Brown of Canada the third, a silver medal worth $75. On the 16th of the same month he defeated George C. Orr, of Detroit, and on April 30 following he and Homer Lane wrestled again at Titusville, Pa., and subsequently they gave exhibitions elsewhere; but, not meeting with expected success, the Colonel returned to Titusville and embarked in business there. On Dec. 6, 1870, he vanquished J. J. Benjamin of Washington, D. C., for $1,000 and the belt, at Titusville, where, on Feb. 4, 1871, he compelled Nathan L. Dorrance of Chicago, Ill., to strike his colors. The loser badly injured his knee in the first round, however, causing his withdrawal from the contest, and, after getting well, he again challenged McLaughlin, who was agreeable, and on June 19, same year, they had it over again, Mac easily winning. On June 29 following McLaughlin issued, through THE CLIPPER, a challenge to wrestle anybody, square holds, right hand to collar, for from $1,000 to $10,000 a side, and left $200 at this office for months in support thereof. Leaving the oil regions, Mac went to the City of Straits again, where he secured a position as conductor on one o the railroad lines running out of that city, and little was heard of him outside of Detroit until the announcement of a challenge from Mike Whalen, alias "Corduroy," of San Francisco, Cal., was made. McLaughlin accepted the challenge, and they wrestled at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Feb. 14, 15'71, for $5,000, it was said. The Colonel, who was considerably the larger man, won two consecutive falls and the match. Early in January last, Benjamin sought another match with his quondam conqueror, who readily accommodated him, the contest taking place in Detroit, and Benjamin losing. McLaughlin did not again appear in public until challenged by Martin, with the result above mentioned. Martin is likewise a native of the Empire State, hailing from Seneca County, where he was born in June, 1831, being therefore now in his forty-sixth year, or a dozen years the senior of his late antagonist, though he don't look it. He is over six feet high, and weighs nearly the same as McLaughlin, but is scarcely so well proportioned as the champion. There is no record of his having engaged in any public match with any other than Mac. He is a prosperous butcher in Ypsilanti, where he became widely known because of the remarkable feats of strength accredited to him; and it was this great strength, rather than any display of superior skill in wrestling, which led to his being matched for the championship.

The men were received with applause when they appeared on the stage, their massive, muscle-packed frames being encased in tights, knit vests, trunks, and loose jackets, while rubber slippers covered their pedal extremities. It was soon made apparent to all that the champion was by far the more accomplished wrestler of the two, and evidently knew more firmly convinced of the fact than Martin himself, the latter acting solely on the defensive, while Mac, though not finding it requisite to bring into play all his skill, pressed his opponent from the moment they took hold, finally securing an inside lock upon Jacobs's left leg, which the latter was powerless to escape from, and down went the giant from Ypsilanti upon the broad of his back. It was decided a fair fall, and McLaughlin's friends sang hosannas. After a resting-spell of eleven minutes' duration, the gladiators again took hold, and this time, after they had sparred for a few minutes, Martin adopted offensive tactics; but not until the expiration of 14 minutes and 22 seconds did he succeed in holding McLaughlin, who cleverly avoided every attempt of his antagonist to fasten on to him. Finally, to the surprise of most people thought with little opposition on the part of the champion, he effected an outside lock, which resulted in Mac's overthrow. A lapse of eighteen minutes was occupied by the contestants in getting their breathing apparatus in order for the decisive struggle, and by many of the spectators in practice at the bar, to which all were admitted without preliminary examination. Then the wrestlers came to the centre again, and a struggle more earnest and severe than marked either of the preceding rounds was inaugurated, Martin working hard on the offensive, while Martin, relying mainly upon his great strength, adhered closely to defensive tactics, and was careful not to lay himself open to attack. The champion was not to be denied, however, and, though Martin at last succeeded in getting away from danger in a manner which called forth much applause, McLaughlin bored in, and, stooping low, got well under Martin, gradually worked his right around in front of the latter, and, seeing his opportunity, like a flash secured an inside heelock with the right, and the jig was up, for the next instant Martin was flattened to the carpet. The round occupied ten minutes. Uproarious applause greeted the winner, and the greater part of the spectators remained for further bouts with both men upon their exit from the dressing-room. The betting was all along largely in favor of McLaughlin, considerable business being done at the rate of 2 to 1 on him. Some disappointment was felt by the spectators, who expected to witness more exciting struggle, but this was attributable to the fact that the winner did not have a man in front of him who was capable of showing equal play. Joseph Emerick was chosen umpire for Martin, B. F. McDonald for McLaughlin, and Harry Hill made a good referee.

AMHERST ATHLETIC SPORTS.—The athletes of Amherst College engaged in their Fall competitions on Saturday, Oct. 14. There was a large gathering of spectators, despite the unfavorable nature of the weather, and they were repaid for the visit to the grounds, the several contests for physical superiority being of more than ordinary merit. The results are herewith given: Potato race, eighteen potatoes, distance traveled about a mile—W. H. Keeth, '77; time, 6:28. Throwing the baseball—Leete, '78; distance, 364ft. 2in.; Plimpton, '78, second, 361ft. 6in. One hundred yards dash—Dougherty, '78, and Sibley, '77, dead heat; time, 11sec. Sack race—Peet and Blodgett, '78. One mile walk—Tracey, '79; time, 9min. 11sec. Three-mile walk—Whipple, '78, first, Tracey second; time, 28:54. Three-legged race, 100yds.—Carson and Goodrich; time, 14sec. Quarter-mile run—Sibley, '77; time, 58sec. Standing broad jump—Ryder, '77; distance, 9ft. Running broad jump—Gillett, '80; distance, 16ft. 4in. Hurdle race, 100yds., ten hurdles—Dougherty, '78; time, 19½sec. Two-mile run—Kress, '77, first; Slack, '78, second; time, 12:12. Wheelbarrow race—Church, '79, and Noyes, '80, dead heat. Half-mile run—Sibley, '77, first; White, '80, second; time, 2:33. Afterwards Prof. Taylor appeared on the track, and ran five miles against time in 28:13. Tutors Chickering and Davis were judges, and Dr. Hitchcock acted as referee.

"BOILED DINNER—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS."

There was a lively scene in a dining-saloon on Kneeland street recently. A male gender, positive case, after scanning the bill-of-fare, posted conspicuously at the entrance, wherein was announced: "Boiled dinner—twenty-five cents," sat down at the table and called for "boiled dinner." An average-sized dish of ingredients was forthcoming, which rapidly disappeared, and another plate called for. This, too, vanished like snowflakes on a river. Seemingly self-satisfied, the mastigator approached the cashier, and tendered her a twenty-cent scrip, when the following colloquy ensued:

Gentleman—I had a boiled dinner.

Cashier—Your bill amounts to forty cents; you have had two boiled dinners.

Gentleman—No, madame—(pointing to the bill of fare)—"boiled dinner twenty cents." I have had only one dinner.

Cashier (greatly excited)—But you have had two plates, and that is equal to two dinners. I must have forty cents.

Gentleman (complacently and benignly)—Can't help that. True, I have had two plates, but only one dinner—twenty cents.

As this the proprietor bristled up to the counter, while the occupants of the tables sat amazed and amused.

Proprietor—Look here; you have had two dinners according to our rules, and you don't get out of this place till you pay forty cents. Do you understand that?

Gentleman (serenely buttoning up his coat)—Your bill-of-fare announces "Boiled dinner, twenty cents." Although I have eaten two platefuls, I have had but one boiled dinner. Good day; and he calmly waltzed out.

Proprietor (as if recovering from a stupor)—Well, I never had that played on me before. And he straightway had all hands and the cook busily destroying bills-of-fare, while twenty printing-offices were striking off new bills, with a clause, "One dish of boiled dinner, twenty cents."—*The Boston Globe.*

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. HARTFORD.
A Fine Fielding Game.

The Hartford Club visited Brooklyn Oct. 17 to play their eighth game with the Mutuals, and the occasion was made noteworthy by the splendid fielding displayed, it being the prettiest League-club contest seen on the Union Grounds since August last. Everything told against a numerous attendance, the weather being windy, cloudy and cold, and the contest simply an

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Oct. 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Armond, Arsena
Ashton, Fanchi B.
Arnold, Ella
Allyne, Kittie (2)
Alfredo, Mrs. Emma
Arnold, Grace
Barnard, Minnie
Buah, Mrs. Sallie
Benn, Mrs. Waggie
Brevoort, Kate
Barry, Virgin E.
Bernard, Mrs. Richings
Blande, Edith
Charles, Meva
Carroll, Jennie
Clarke, Annie H.
(acrobat) 6c.
Casselli, Madam
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Clancy, Ellen
Carpenter, Ida
Coventry, Julia
Cole, Mrs. Lena
Corri, Blanche 6c.
Claire Sisters
Doyle, Minnie
De Grauville, Mlle.
Ducello, Mlle L.
Du Sauld, Miss G.
D'Erina, Kate
Davenport, Fannie (vocalist)
De Witt, Lottie M.
De Brent, Amy
Emerson, "Dollie"
Fox, Mrs. Annie J.
Foy, Bertha
Forrest, Katie
Fleming, Nellie
Gleason, Alice
Gilman, Ada
Gilmore, Alice
Gorman, Lottie
Howard, Hattie (of Bonta's Minst.)
Hedin, Ella
Hughes, Jennie
Hall, Albertine
Hawthorne, May
Howard, Kate (vocalist)
Hawthorne, Hattie
Harrison, Miss H.
Kimball, Jennie
Kemp, Alice (of A. W. Aiken's Co.)
Kemp, Alice
Leonie, Mlle.
Landon, May
Lind, Ida
Lee, Georgie (with Peak Family)
Loftus, Miss C.
Lee, Minnie (late of Washington, D.C.)
Leak, Annie E.
Lindsey, Jennie
Melville, Clara
McLean, Mrs. Katherine
Marcus, Grace
Morris, Miss A. G.
Newton, Ada (of Kinlan's Co.)
Nunn, Nina
Nagle, Malinda
Nelson, Annie
Norwood, Marion L.
Pike, Allie (2)
Pike, "Dollie"
Pezzuola, Josephine
Phillips, Adelaide
Rey, Monets (3)
Ruperte, Florence
Robeson, Erba
Sanborn, Ada
Sauret, Madam
Schoit, Angelique 6c.
St. Felix Troupe, The
Stanley, Flora
Sanford, Nellie W.
Stetson, Evelyne
Stetson, Mrs. E. P. (2)
Sarony, Nellie
Turska, Mlle M.
Taylor, Mrs J. H. (of Tay. Com. Co.)
Tannehill, Mrs. Frank
Victoria, Mlle.
Williams, Kate
West, Eva E.
Woods, Carrie (4)
Willett, Maggie 6c.
Whitney, Emma
Worrell Sisters
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zephy, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Atwood, Chas.
Antonio, Wash.
Andrews, "Billy"
Atkins, Chas. M. (3)
Aiken, Albert E. (2)
Allen & Earle
Atwood, C. T.
Arnold, W. B.
A. G.
Allerup, Peter
Arcadian Bell'gers
Allen, "Ben" F.
Allyne, E. T. J.
Aikins, Chas.
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Buckley, Harry
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Butler, W. C. (comed.)
Brawner, P. D.
Brown, Edwin
Brown, "Ben" (with Haverly)
Boyd, Chas.
Burnett, "Alf"
Bliss, Francis R.
Black, A. F.
Berkley, Geo. W.
Blanchard, C. A.
Bushnell, G. W.
Baker, W. F. (musician)
Brand, T. H.
Benton, John R.
Bennett, M. G.
Bushnell & Castello
Benton, Walter (of Carner's Co.) (2)
Bray, Wm. H.
Blossom, "Nat" (song-and-dancer)
Ballard, E. A.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Benedict, Jas. W.
Bennis, G. W.
Bisbee, Frank
Bowman, Scott J. (2)
Benford, "Sam"
Blitz, Jerone
Blair, Wm. (late with "Zera")
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Williams)
Bryant & Foy, Pastor's Co.)
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wade)
Burton & Lord
Chapman's 5th-ave. Theat., Manag.
Callender's Georgia Minstrels
Cameron, "Billy"
Carroll, J. T.
Croft, F. M.
Cordona, Harry
Cook, De Witt
Chenee, "Joe" (manager)
Coon, C. S. (2)
Cogswell, Wm.
Chrisdle, Mr. (pantomimist)
Clarke, "Kit" (2)
Churchill, Wm.
Cummings & Hines
Crouin, J. (of Tierney & Crouin)
Campbell, Chas. E.
Crawford, W. L. (2)
Cotton, "Ben" (comed.)
Clark, H. G. (agent)
Conners & Mudge
Couldock, C. W.
Cole, W. W.
Conway, H. G.
Catterson, J. F.
Clinton, Arthur
Carr, Frank H.
Curtis, Mr. and Mrs.
Dunbar, W. H. (late of Boston)
Denier, Jonathan
Dayton, "Tommy"
Duston, H. S.
Davis, J. L.
Davis, Hamilton
Dutton, Wm. (circus "biz")
Dixey, Harry
Dawson, H. A.
Dodge, "Ben"
Dunbar, G. W. (gymnast)
De Vere, Chas. N.
De Laven, Chas.
Douglas, J. S.
Diamond, "Billy"
Dixon, H. (of Kelly, Dixon & Co.)
Darley, H. A.
Dalton, James
Davenport, C. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Durand, W. W.
Dillon, Jas. & Sallie
Dowling, J. F.
Durand, R. M.
Evarts, Harry
Ellsworth, Bert E.
Earle, E. (of Allen & Earle)
Edwards, G. H. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Eldridge, Press
Eldridge, C. E. (of Castello's Cir.)
Engel, John
Emerson, Peter (minst. "biz")
Emerson, "Billy"
French & Son, Sam'l
Frayne, Robt.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fyde, Chas. J.
Findull, J. M.
Fowler, W. Wells
Fish, F. C. (of Fish & Petrie)
Fields & Hoey
Fraser, Walter
Fiske, M. W.
Farrello, Sig. A.
Fales, H. (with Hess & Cush. Cir.)
Foster, W. (late of Chicago)
Fox, Ed. (manager)
Finn, "Dick" (song-and-dancer)
Friers, Alberto W. 6c.
Filkins, Col. Robt.
Garwood, C. W.
Gaylor, "Bobby"
Gilbert, Harry
Gregory, C. A.
Goodall, J. N.
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Germon, John D.
Gleason, J.
Gourley, J. H.
Gormon, J. (of Ch. Thompson's Ky. Co.)

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Postoffice on Oct. 19 for Mary E. Hill, Kate Newt n and Charlena Weidman.

Grare, E.
Gosche, Jacob
Gaines, R.
Gleason, Chas.
Girard, Frank
Gale, Walter N.
Glassford, Jr., A. Goulding, Jno.
Gardner, C.
Garrison, Chas.
Healey, Dr. J. E. (2)
Hooper, Geo. W.
Holbrook, J. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Haverly, J. H.
Howard, Rollin
Holley, James
Hanchett, David
Hunt, Harry J.
Haggard, A.
Howard, F. (late of Matthew's Co.)
Hale, Chas.
Hill, James
Hamilton, J. (cir. cus "biz")
Harwood, Harry
Harrington, N. F.
Hawkins, J. (of Hawkins & Smith)
Heywood, J. (of "N. Y. Serenaders") (2)
Healy M. (late of Hartford, Ct.)
Hodges, D. S. (2)
Hukill, C. L.
Hutchings, i. L.
Heywood, C. (of Heywood Bros.)
Holmes, Harry (vocalist) 6c.
Hamilton, Wiley
Henry, Hi
Howe, Rockwood
Hager, Wm.
Holcombe, Chas.
Harper, Thos.
Hassett, J. E.
Henshaw, J. E.
Jordan, Geo.
Jerome, Tommy
Jarrett & Palmer
Jerome & Camme ron (2)
Johnson, F. (of International Circ.)
Jerome, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Kelly, Acton E
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kent, Fred. L. (2)
Kent, Frank
Knowlton, J. K.
Kelier, J. C.
Kerr, H. E.
Kennedy, A. B.
Knight & Fuller
Knight, Geo.
King, Wallace
Kraus, A.
Kirk, G. W.
Little, J. Z.
Leon, Prof. A.
Leigh, Thos. J.
Leon, "Dan" (late of Philadelphia)
Lamkin, Jos.
Leslie, Harry (minst. "biz")
Lucca, A. K.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lebra, Jas.
Lyons, H. P. 5c.
Lewis & Brox
Lodge, J. J. 6c.
Lord, Chas. (of L. Benedict's Minst.)
Lang, "Joe"
Langrish & Atwater
Lee, Harry A.
Larkin, Mr.
Lawrence, John
Little, C.
Lazelle, Fred.
Lucas, "Sam"
Landis, W. (of Landis Bros.)
MacEvoy, Frank
Martin, S. J.
McGill & Strong's Em. Minst. (2)
Mack, Fred. H. 6c.
Miron, N.
Mara, Lorenzo 4c.
Mc A.
McGill, Wm. (2)
Moody, Wash. A.
Martinette, Edwin K. (3)
Masaroo, Theo.
Magee, Jno. (mus. director)
Mendels, The
McNeily, Geo. (circus "biz")
Murray, "Tom" (Irish comed.)
Murray, J. (circus prop.)
Melville, Harry C.
Merrett, "Johnny"
Marr, W. J.
Morris, T. (of "Gilded Age")
Mackley, Fred.
Miles, W. G. (2)
Morrissey, Jno. (minst. "biz")
Murray, Dominick
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Montgomery, R. (manager)
Monroe, C. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Morreste Bros., The
Mullen & Cline
Marrow, H.
Mackey, "Dave"
Mumford, Chas.
Melville, Chas.
Meacham, Col. A.
Mackey, Jas. (song-and-dance)
McDermott & Sheehan
Meiner, J. (Cir.) (of Barnum's Cir.)
McCarty, "Phil"
Martin, Master
Melville, Harry
Mackenzie, Archie
Mills, Rudolphe
Nunn Brothers
Nash, "Dan"
Nash, Commod.
Neon, J. K.
Neary, Jas. (pedestal "biz")
Nolen, T. J.
Norton, Wash.
Nutt, Maj. R.
Nagle, J. E.
Orrin Bros.
Parker, Louis
Peters, James
Phoite, Jos.
Perry, Thos. (minst. "biz")
Pullman, H. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Paylor, "Billy"
Powers, Jno. H.
Peck, G. (of "Tom Thumb's" Co.) 6c.
Phoite, Chas. E. (2)
Price, "Sam"
Parr, F., Jr., D. Pres. ton (2)
Pickert, Willis
Pritchard, Robt.
Polk, D. F.
Phoite, J. (of Phoite Bros.)
Pelletier, Geo.
Patten, M.
Phoite, Jos.
Pierce, Emerson
Parks, "Jack" (circus "biz")
Pullman Bros.
Pollard, Prof.
Peterson, Wm. G.
Quinnian & Ryan
Robinson, W. J. (musician)
Reynolds, "Barney"
Richmond, J.
Ritchie, Fred. (Dutch "biz") (2)
Rose, Denis
Randall, J. U. (of Carner's Co.)
Richards, G. (with Worrell Sisters) (3)
Robinson, Jno. (circus prop.)
Rice, W. H.
Robinson, G. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Ryder, Jno. A.
Rubin, I.
Russell & Stearns
Raynor, Harry
Randall, Wm. (musician)
Rice, "Dan" (circus prop.)
Ross, W. A.
Robinson, Wm. B.
Rice, Blackstone
Reynolds Bros.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson Minst.)
Sillings, Geo. A.
Smith, E. F. p.o.m. Birkenhead, Eng.)
Sadler, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Smith & Fox
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Stuart, W. H. (of Van Ambu'h Cir.)
Swonsbourne, C. H.
Steele, Jno. G.
Smith, Thos.
Spence, J. W.
Seamon & Somers
Sullivan, J. J. (manager) (2)
Stoddart, Burt.
Stanhope, G. W. (2)
Sinclair, H. (of McK. Camp.)
Stone, H. F. (2)
Smith, "Doc" W. H.
Searle, Prof. F.
Showles, "Jake"
Shay, "Charlie"
Stuntz, J. (minst.)
Streland, W. T.
Smith, Shirley
Show, Louis
Seton, M. C.
Simmons, E. (of Howe's Cir.)
Seamon, Chas.
Sully Bros. (2)
Spyer, F. F.
Seward, Prof. T. F.
Smith, E. F.
Stuebgen, Prof. F.
Taylor, C. W. (of Taylor's Com. Co.)
Taylor, Jos. (of Taylor's Com.)
Turner, "Dick"
Thies, Jos. (agent)
Thorne, "Mat"
Thompson, "Den"
Tucker, D. of N. Y. & N. O. Cir.)
Trewolia, A. P.
Taylor, H. (late of DeBar's Op. Ho.)
Treasler, Fred.
Thompson, "Sid"
Trastour, Eugene 70c.
Taylor, J. ("London comique") 11c.
Tiernan, John
Templeton, John
Vanderbilt, Frank
Vegler, Otto
Vaughn, Harry
Van Buren, James
Vigeon, Robt.
Villa, S. B.
Walters, G. E.
Washburn, F. W.
Whitcombe, A. J.
Wood & West
Wiggins, Prof. S. F.
Williams, L. Percy (2)
Wilson, Henry
Waite, Geo. H.
Warhurst, "Tom"
Weaver, S. P.
Williamson, T. R.
Wilkinson, Chas.
Wells, Chas. B.
Wiley, L. B.
Williams, D. H. (manager)
Wilde, J. (musician)
Whitney, Chas. ("biz" agent)
Wyatt, Jno. (of Haverly's Minst.)
White & Ella Ese.
Wilson, Charles (2)
Welling, W. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Whitney, F. (ventriloquist)
Walsh, G. W.
Watson, J. (of Notman's Band)
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad")
Watson, W. (manfish)
Widman, F. J.
Wheatleigh, Chas.
Wheeler, H. B.
Wagner, "Cal"
Watson, W. W.
Willis, Oscar
Wingfield, J.

CITY SUMMARY.

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DEATH OF THE LATE GEORGE HOLLAND'S ONLY DAUGHTER.—Kate Caldwell Holland, a promising young actress, died somewhat unexpectedly in this city on Monday, Oct. 16. While recently performing in Boston, Mass., at the Globe Theatre, with Augustin Daly's Traveling Fifth-avenue Theatre Company playing "Pique," she contracted a severe cold, which resulted in malarial fever. She returned to this city, placed herself under medical treatment, and was not thought to be dangerously ill. On Monday afternoon a young lady friend, who had been a constant attendant upon Miss Holland during her illness, signified her intention of going out. Miss Holland raised herself upon her couch, and inquired how long she would be gone, and, being told not more than five minutes, Miss Holland simply ejaculated "Oh!" fell back, and immediately expired. She was 23 years and 8 months of age, and was born in New Orleans, La. She was named after James Caldwell, an intimate friend of her father, and an old New Orleans manager, who built the St. Charles Theatre, in that city. George Holland died in this city Dec. 20, 1870, and the circumstances which attended his funeral, and which are too fresh in the minds of the public to need recital at the present writing, gave the name of "The Little Church Around the Corner" to the Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth street; and in that church, on Thursday morning, Oct. 19, at ten o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Houghton, who had officiated at her father's funeral, performed the last sad rites over "Little Katy" in the presence of relatives and a large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. Many members of the companies of the Fifth-avenue and Union-square Theatres, and other well-known professional ladies and gentlemen, were present. Miss Holland's remains were brought from her late residence, No. 326 West Thirty-fourth street, and were carried into the church by four ushers and placed upon a bier before the chancel. The coffin was of rosewood, and was covered with black satin, and to it was the following inscription: "Kate C. Holland, born Feb. 16, 1853. Died Oct. 16, 1876." Over the bier was thrown a purple pall, with a lamb and cross at its top, and on its sides, inscribed in Latin, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Among the floral offerings, which were numerous and beautiful, was a tribute presented by the Sunday-school class of which Miss Holland had been teacher. On a card attached to it was inscribed "From the Payson Bible-class of the Memorial Chapel of the Madison-square Presbyterian Church." After the conclusion of the customary services of the Episcopal Church, the remains, followed by a long train of carriages, were conveyed to Cypress Hills Cemetery, where they were interred in the lot belonging to the Dramatic Fund Association, and in the same grave that contains her father's remains. She left her mother and three brothers—two of whom, Eddie and Edward, are members of the dramatic profession—besides a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn their loss. Miss Holland made her metropolitan debut at the Union-square Theatre, in this city, Tuesday evening, Sept. 17, 1872—when that theatre was first opened for dramatic performances—acting the Dressmaker in "Agnes." She continued a member of that company, playing small business, until the close of the season of 1874-5, on June 15, 1875. The most important character she acted while there was the Little Mother in "The Geneva Cross." She was then engaged by Augustin Daly, and went with his company to San Francisco, Cal., and opened in Platt's Hall July 12, 1875, as Mrs. Pert in "London Assurance." She subsequently acted Flora Penfield in "Divorce," and the Governess in "Frou-Frou," there. Returning to New York, she continued a member of that company up to the time of her demise. Although unstrung in a general way, with only a small part, she proved herself capable of better things by satisfactorily acting more important characters when the illness of other members of the company required it. In "Pique" she acted Mother Thames throughout its run, and she had impersonated for both periods the characters of Lucille Daly, Buckley and Mary Standish, in the same piece. Endowed by nature with good qualifications for her profession, she had, by assidnous study and close observation, laid the foundation for a successful career, which at the time of her death was full of promise.

THE BEVERLY, Frank Cushman, Gorman and Romer, Alice Lourain, the Empire Chilton Sisters, Daily, Buckley and Turner, Charley Benedict and James Messenger comprised the reinforcements to the company at the Olympic Theatre last week. Sam Devere is one of the most popular performers in his line now before the public. He keeps his repertory constantly supplied with fresh local hits, and his witticisms reflect the current topics of the day. He evidently reads the newspapers and keeps up with the times. Frank Cushman, a clever exponent of old-men characters, gave "Over the Hills to the Poor-house;" Gorman and Romer scored a success as Germans in a musical sketch, and Alice Jourdan made a favorable impression while singing songs in male attire, and evinced improvement since she was last heard in this city; the Empire Children in their violin duets displayed a degree of skill far beyond their tender years; Alice Daily's trim ditties, as usual, were advantageously displayed in a neatly-fitting male costume suitable for songs-and-dances, and her performances were liberally applauded; Buckley and Turner met with a fair degree of success in banjo-duets; Charley Benedict acted in a sketch called "Jefferson and Booth;" and James Messenger gave his excellent cannon-ball feats. Both of the latter performed here a couple of weeks ago. Besides these, Griffin and Rice gave songs-and dances, Harry Kennedy repeated his entertaining ventriloquial conversations, Kearney and Joran continued their Irish songs-and-dances, and the dramatic company acted "The Lonely Man of the Ocean." The attendance was fairly good.

THE ADDITIONS last week to Tony Pastor's already powerful company comprised Irwin Thomas, who displayed much agility and a great variety of steps in a pedestal-clog dance. T. M. Hengler gave his attractive monologue entertainment entitled "The Merry Tramp," during which he sang the character of a swell darky, he sang "Sweet Aleen." As Aleen Big Flirt he sang "O Charley, My Darling!" and as Sam Henroost, a tramp, he gave a comical ditty, the whole being interspersed with eccentric dancing. Bobby Newcomb, who holds a front rank as a nest song-and-dance performer, gave several of his own compositions, and Harry Bryant, a ventriloquist of repute, gave highly creditable imitations of animals, insects, sawing wood, drawing soda-water, etc. Jennie Engle gratified the spectators by singing a number of songs in a pleasing manner. Tony Pastor repeated several of his freshest songs, and sang a new one, descriptive of the impossible whereabouts of "Boss" Tweed during his late mysterious absence, which met with great favor. Tony sang a song of the same description last season, and it met with pronounced success, but the present version totally eclipses that one. The audience screamed with laughter at many of its points. Gus Williams was in his happiest humor, and his Dutch songs and funny stories entertained the audience so well that they seemed loth to part with so agreeable an entertainer. Harry and John Kennell in their eccentric songs-and-dances also furnished abundant food for mirth. Like oil upon troubled waters, the soft melodies of Marie Whittingham and Master Newman fell on the ears of the audience, and the sketches of "The Haunted Table" and "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" introduced Charles Worley, Frank Girard, Jennie Satterlee and Sadie Deshon, not otherwise seen. An excellent business has been done.

FRANK LIVINGSTONE, an athlete, who gave skillful feats of balancing; Bonnie Runnels, who made quite a hit in singing Dutch songs, and who also gave a creditable imitation of Sol Smith Russell in some of his specialties; and Sam Bayles, with his "Lilliputian Shadows," were the fresh people at the Theatre Comique on Oct. 16. Mr. Bayles' shadows are identical with the old-time puppet-show. A large, semi-transparent screen, lighted from behind, occupied the width and height of the stage opening, and against this were placed various profile-figures, so constructed that the limbs could be made to move in close imitation of life. Among the figures exhibited were a tight-rope dancer, a harlequin, horses and jockeys in a hurdle-race, a shipwreck, various kinds of fish, and a deer. The last-named was seen to eat, drink, lick itself, and after the discharge of a gun it closely simulated the contortions of a death-struggle. The entertainment was pleasing, while a trained dog, a tramp, and Alice Bennett reappeared after a short absence, and sang several songs which met with favor. Harrigan and Hart were seen in their clever impersonations of character in "Walking for Dat Cake" and "Malone's Night Off;" Delehanty and Cummings revived their sketch of "Delehanty's Visit to Booth's Theatre," much to the delight of the audience. Why not introduce the "Old Hundred" Polonaise, with the new hundred coryphees from Scala and San Carlo, with Brother Mascagno to lead them, and Sisters Bartoletti and Palladine to join in? Why not? Tableau, and curtain.

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LOUISE M. POMEROY made her metropolitan debut at the Lyceum Theatre Oct. 16, acting Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," which impersonation she repeated Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday nights, and on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee she acted Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." The lady is a blonde of average height, has a good figure, a pleasing face, and a good voice. These natural qualifications were enhanced by several very rich and appropriate costumes. Mrs. Pomeroy has seen fit to attempt to gain a foothold in the higher walks of the profession without passing through the lower grades, and there learning, by actual experience, close study and observation, the regular business of the dramatic stage. She has been coached by an experienced actor in the characters in which she appeared, and of course has learned the conventional stage business, and has profited by elocutionary instruction. That a person possessing great natural qualifications for the stage may be benefited by such a course we are willing to admit, but that a finished actor or actress can be so made we question. Mrs. Pomeroy's brief experience illustrates this. She was apparently self-possessed in the earlier scenes in which Juliet appears, and delivered her lines intelligently and with good effect. Her reading in the balcony-scene was excellent, and deserves the highest praise; but as the tragedy progressed, and she was required to express strong emotional feeling, her weaknesses began to exhibit themselves. Her gestures became stiff, angular and constrained, and her delivery stilted. She was no longer natural, because she had not sufficient experience in portraying such feelings. In the more tragic scenes her lack of ability became more and more apparent, and at the close of the performances it was quite evident she had not scored a success as a tragedienne. In Pauline she appeared to much better advantage, simply because her powers were not severely taxed; but she also exhibited the same faults and good qualities, though in a less pronounced degree. She lacks imagination, is given somewhat to attitudinizing, and at times appears a little too self-conscious. She never loses her personal identity, nor does she at any time impress the spectator that she is the character assumed, but rather that she is acting it, and somewhat in a mechanical way. In thus pointing out the lady's faults, we do not mean to say that she has no good qualities; but fulsome adulation of amateurs does more harm than good. It leads them to believe they have already attained the high position to which they aspire, and that future close study in their cases is useless. We believe that Mrs. Pomeroy may obtain success in the profession, but in what precise line it is yet too early to say. She will, probably, soonest gain success in pieces of the modern school, for which she now displays many admirable qualities. Of the support Miss Pomeroy had we need say nothing, save that Mrs. Jordan gave an artistic and thoroughly enjoyable portrayal of the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and Mrs. J. J. Prior was excellent as Lady Capulet. M. V. Lingham appeared to much greater advantage as Claude Melnotte than he did as Romeo. In the latter role he failed during the week, but it is fair to presume that the audiences were composed largely of the personal friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Pomeroy.

AN ACTOR'S SUFFERING.—Few if any of the spectators to the first performance at the Lyceum Theatre during the past week were cognizant of the deep grief that was gnawing at the heart of M. V. Lingham while he was impersonating the characters of Romeo and Claude Melnotte. Even while he was delivering the lines of impassioned dialogue of these youthful lovers, his thoughts must have flown back to the apartment which he quitted for the theatre, and in which a dear, dear friend lay dead—dead before his eyes. That brother, Edwin F. Lingham, died in his arms on the morning of Oct. 20, at the age of 41 years, and leaving a wife and four children.

SAM PRICE made his first appearance with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels Oct. 16, and, in an eccentric act, performed Hamlet's soliloquy, with a change of programme was made on Saturday evening last, when J. W. McAndrews appeared for the first time there this season as the Watermelon-man. Edwin Lester and J. W. Morton performed a musical sketch called "The Black Cupids"; James Quinn delivered a humorous burlesque stump-speech, and the English version of Offenbach's "Grand-duke," which achieved success when produced by this troupe at 720 Broadway, some years ago, was revived. New and beautiful scenery had been painted for it, and the costumes were costly and gorgeous, many of them having been made in China. Edwin Kelly as the Prince, and Miss Lina Pringle as Boulotte appeared to much advantage. A burlesque troupe of Japanese jugglers created much mirth, and at the end of the piece they severally slid down a rope extending from the dome of the theatre to the stage, followed by Leon in female attire, which created no little sensation. It also served to display the skill by their hands to large iron rings which encircled the rope. The music of the opera-bouffe is pleasing, and altogether the entertainment proved highly enjoyable.

CAPT. GEO. T. SHAW assumes the business management of Wolfe Garden after Oct. 30.

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH has been engaged to manage the Grand Opera-house (late Wade's), San Francisco, Cal. He will leave for that city Oct. 25, accompanied by M. V. Lingham, leading man; Lizzie Mahon, juveniles; J. B. Polk, eccentric comedy; and J. D. Bradley, old man, as members of the company. He is negotiating for numerous others through Col. T. Alston Brown's agency. The opening piece is to be Leonard Grover's comedy of "Our Boarding-house," and the spectacle of "Ahmed" will be the holiday attraction.

W. B. FORBES, a brother of James Barnes, stage-manager of Wood's Museum, has purchased George Wood's interest in that theatre, and it will hereafter be run under Mr. Barnes' management. It will be closed after Oct. 30, and be thoroughly overhauled, a new stage will be put in, and some changes made in the auditorium. The company will be reinforced, and the theatre will be reopened under a new name.

ADAH RICHMOND reopens at the Theatre Comique Nov. 6.

TONY DENIER will arrive in the city Oct. 25, for the purpose of securing suitable dramatic and variety attractions for the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., of which J. H. Haverly is at present proprietor and manager. Mr. Denier can be seen at Col. T. Allston Brown's agency.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth street, advertises for several dancers, including premieres and coryphees.

THE LONDON, the new variety theatre at 135 and 137 Bowery, will open Nov. 27. Manager Miner requests artists desiring dates to address him at the new house.

AT THE CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES, Mlle. Lawrence and Mons. Searls, Gussie Walby, the Gormon Brothers—John, James and George—and Grace Arnold are billed to appear Oct. 23.

MRS. DUNN, authoress of the spectacle of "Ahmed," who has been in this city for some time, is to leave for Cincinnati, Ohio, next week.

MISS KATE CASTLETON has withdrawn from an uptown theatre, and is to open at the Olympic Nov. 13.

MISS PHOSA MCALLISTER has withdrawn from the Olympic Theatre, where she was engaged for the season.

CHARLES ATWOOD, business-agent, is at present in this city.

FRANK LEWIS the motto-singer, on his return from the West (Dec. 18), reopens at the Theatre Comique for the season.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the newcomers announced for Oct. 23 are Charles Gardiner, May Williams, Kittie Scott, Ella Mortimer, Nina Navin, Healy and Morton, George Watkins and Prof. Tyler and dogs.

JOHN HART, the four Dalys—Thomas, Bobby, Danny and William—Lew and Pauline Parker and G. W. Hunter are the fresh artists at Tony Pastor's.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" opened at the Buffalo Bill" at Wood's Museum this week, and at the matinees "Rip Van Winkle" will constitute the attraction.

SID. C. FRANCE, acting in "Dead to the World," is the star at the Bowery Theatre.

DRAMATIC.

A Tribute

TO A DECEASED FRIEND AND BROTHER PROFESSIONAL
BY CHARLES FOSTER.

J oy's barque sails in merry glee
O 'er life's troubled, stormy sea;
H idden rocks and sunken reefs
N 'er warn us of our coming griefs.
F riend Ferris, in the morn of life,
E ntered the realm of the strife,
R ecording angels to the mighty Host
R ported John was at his post,
I n Thy faith here he did his best;
S cribe his REWARD, THEN—ENDLESS REST.

AMY STONE is to start on a starring tour Nov. 11. Time can be arranged through H. F. Stone, as per card. A leading lady, juvenile man and chambermaid are wanted for the company.

LOUISE POMEROY, who has just closed an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, is prepared to arrange for dates to appear in her repertory noticed in her card elsewhere.

FARNEY & PALMER'S "Julius Cæsar" Combination performed in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 16, St. Joseph 17, Quincy, Ill., 18, Jacksonville 19, Lafayette, Ind., 20, Logansport 21, and is billed in Detroit, Mich., 23, 24, Toledo, O., 25, Dayton 26, Columbus 27, Erie, Pa., 28, Elmira, N. Y., 30, Syracuse 31, Oswego Nov. 1, Rochester 2, Buffalo 3, 4.

JOHN RITTER, whose name has been long and favorably identified with the musical profession, died on the 17th inst. at his residence, in Philadelphia, in his fortieth year. The deceased was considered one of the best orchestra-leaders in America and had filled that position for ten or twelve years at Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, and before that at the Old National Theatre of Philadelphia, some twenty years ago. He was also president at one time of the Philadelphia Musical Association. Recently he had been keeping a saloon at the southeast corner of Tenth street and Girard avenue, Philadelphia. He had been sick about three weeks, dropsy being the cause of his death. The funeral, which took place on the afternoon of the 20th inst., from his late residence, was largely attended by the musical fraternity of Philadelphia, with whom the deceased was exceedingly popular. Among the many organizations present were the Philadelphia Musical Association and Mozart Lodge of Masons, the latter, as its name indicates, being largely composed of musicians. The only member of the theatrical profession present was the worthy veteran James Pilgrim. The deceased was well known all over the United States, and this announcement of his early demise will cause sincere regret. The remains were interred, with appropriate ceremonies, in Glenwood Cemetery, Philadelphia.

THURMAN SUITS were commenced on the 16th inst. in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, against Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Mr. C. D. Hess, by parties who complain that some time ago they were engaged by Arthur W. Tams as choristers for the Kellogg Opera Company and that they have been since informed that their services would not be required. Some fifty or sixty vocalists were engaged by Mr. Tams, and have rehearsed for a couple of months in Philadelphia. Some of these choristers have surrendered lucrative positions, and others abandoned comfortable homes. C. D. Hess, when interrogated in regard to the matter, produced a number of letters and telegrams to prove that Mr. Tams had never been authorized to act for him, and had employed these people on his own responsibility. Mr. Hess regrets exceedingly the situation of these people, many of whom have expended all their money in boarding and wardrobes, but deems himself utterly blameless in the matter. The cases will come up for adjudication on Nov. 1. The claims average $650 for each person. A number of others, it is said, will institute proceedings, and Mr. Hess' prospects for an extensive amount of legal experience is promising.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA, led by Mr. Michael Brand, will give its first concert this season, at Pike's Opera-house, Nov. 23. S. B. Mills the pianist is to be the soloist.

BLIND TOM commenced a two weeks' season at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 16th of October, meeting with a fair share of patronage during his first week.

PROF. JEAN LOUIS, well known in musical circles in Philadelphia, was married in that city on the 15th inst.

ALICE OATES and company appeared at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house the past week to good houses. "Girofle-Girofla" was given 16 and 18, Saturday matinee, "Princess of Trebizonde" 17, 21, "Mme. Angot's Child" 18, "Grand Duchess" 19, "Pretty Perfumer" 20. The performances gave much satisfaction. While all are deserving of praise, J. Howson is entitled to special notice for his excellent make-up and really artistic acting as Mourzouk.

STRAKOSCH'S ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY performed in Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Oct. 19, 20, 21, playing "Faust," "Il Trovatore," and "Martha," all to large business. Tom Karl and Brignoli were received with loud applause on their appearance. Route: Detroit Oct. 23, 24, 25, Milwaukee 27, 28, Chicago Oct. 30, two weeks.

A FLUTE AND VIOLIN PLAYER is wanted, to form a combination with a banjoist. See A. O.'s card.

THOMAS H. DE WITT, leader of orchestra and solo alto player, advertises for an engagement.

DOWNING'S NINTH-REGIMENT BAND gave a concert at the New Institute Hall, Newark, N. J., Oct. 20.

ROBINSON'S SWISS BELLRINGERS, with full silver cornet band and orchestra, are to show in Wardsville, Ont., Oct. 23, Glencoe 24, Mount Brydges 25, London 26, Ingersoll 27, Woodstock 28, Princeton 30, Paris 31, Galt Nov. 1, Preston 2, Hespeler 3, Guelph 4, Elora 6, and Fergus 7. Jimmy Field, humorist, is with them.

CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD'S OPERA COMPANY is billed for Norfolk, Va., Oct. 30, 31.

A SOLO-BARITONE, trombone and second violinist; also a clarionet and alto-player, advertise for an engagement.

THE PEAK FAMILY, Swiss BELLRINGERS, are to sail from San Francisco; Cal., for Australia Dec. 6, in the steamship City of Sydney. They performed in Los Angeles the past week, and are billed in Bakersfield Oct. 25, Merced 27, San Jose 28, 30.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commenced a series of eight performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., by the production of "Lucia di Lammermoor," in the presence of a very large audience. On the 18th inst. another immense audience witnessed a very good performance of "Mignon." The largest audience of the week was present on the 20th inst., when "The Bohemian Girl" was produced. On the 21st inst. "Martha" was sung before a large audience. Miss Kellogg appeared in each opera, and was in unusually excellent voice.

THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA, aided by the Centennial Chorus, will give five concerts at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, commencing October 31.

LAVY the cornet-soloist, S. B. Mills, pianist, and other soloists have appeared in concerts given in the Main Building at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, during the past two weeks.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE and her newly-organized English Comic-opera Company will appear at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the Christmas holiday week.

THE OATES OPERA TROUPE will open at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 6th of Nov.

VARIETY HALLS.

In Memory

of ALONZO EVARTS,
Who DIED AT BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1876.

Good-bye, Louise; I'll miss you now,
Since you have gone above,
Angels round you vigils keep—
None knew you but to love.
May your sweet spirit rest in peace;
You never meant a wrong—
In our Redeemer's arms you rest,
Mightier than the strong.
My days grind them made her peace
With Almighty on His throne;
Never was a truer, warmer friend
In life's wide, wide world than them.
Amiable and loving was her way
With all she chanced to meet;
But her dear face we'll see no more—
She was the heavenly sweet.
She passed away while gathered there
Were friends about her bed
And Louise, our dearest loved one,
Is numbered with the dead.
In life she was all a friend should be—
Kind and generous, always free—
I never had a friend before
I loved so well as thee.

Phila., Pa., Oct. 21. LIZZIE LA GRANGE.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS are wanted at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, this city. Female talent in all branches of the business is also advertised for.

PROF. WISEMAN, magician, is open for engagements for the coming season in our business department.

WASH NORTON in his changes, portraying six separate characters, begins an engagement at the Theatre Comique, this city, Oct. 23, thence to Shelby's Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., 30.

CON. MURPHY denies that he "jumped the town" (Little Rock, Ark.), as was stated in our past issue upon the authority of the performers named. He says he left there to go to St. Louis, Mo., to engage a company; that the company in Little Rock was under his management for three nights only; that business was bad, they refusing to play unless he gave a ball, which he declined to do.

MINNIE FARRELL serio-comic, was the only fresh arrival at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., the past week. Ida Melville is billed for 23.

NEW MAGEE'S VARIETY COMBINATION performed in Hillier, Ont., Oct. 18, 19, Covert's Corner 20, Demorestville 21, 23, and is billed in Picton 24, 25, 26, Consecon 28, 30, Brighton 31, Nov. 1, Trenton 2, 3, Sterling 4, 6.

VARIETY ATTRACTIONS can find dates open for November and December, 1876, and January, 1877, at the Olympic Theatre, New York, and Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. See advertisement.

BILLY AND MAGGIE RAY are meeting with success at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill. They commence an engagement at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 23.

AT READING, PA., notwithstanding the numerous dramatic and musical attractions, to say nothing of the political fever, which is at its highest, Madame Duclos' Variety Theatre attracted good audiences during the week. Clara Fielding was the only new arrival, and proved quite attractive in serio-comic and motto songs. James Kelly occupied the position of interlocutor, with Harry Fielding as bones and William Harrison as tambo—a change for the better. The olio was improved. Lou Howard proved quite a favorite in serio-comic songs; the Russell Sisters in "Down Where the Pansies Grow" were nightly recalled. William Harrison received marked applause in portraitures of the aged darky, and Kate Forrest did some very fine dancing in "The French Minuet." Letter of Oct. 21.

AT THE BROOKLYN OLYMPIC THEATRE, the Albert Aiken Combination comprised the entire attraction for the week ending Oct. 21. The programme commenced with a farce, "Taming a Goose," which introduced Jerry Cohen. Frank Budworth, James D. Roome, and Fanny Wood in their respective specialties. After which followed Albert W. Aiken's sensational drama "The Molly Maguires of Hazelton," in which the author sustained the leading character. Attendance large.

JOHN KIRKPATRICK, formerly manager of the Capitol—Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., has again leased it, and announces that he will reopen Nov. 13 with a strong variety company.

SALISBURY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Pittsburg, Pa., opens Nov. 11 under the management of John Kinlan, with Thomas Hampton as stage-director. Variety performers in all branches of the business are advertised for.

CLARK BROS., musical mokes, open at the Theatre Comique, this city, Nov. 6.

GEORGE CARLYLE AND SON, acrobats, opened at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., Oct. 16, and proved to be the best cards of the season. Their performances are wonderful and artistic. Kate Allyne and the Sherwood Brothers did not open as announced. Out of nine performers, Lily Linden is the only female, and she deserves praise for her efforts. There being no opposition, business has been good the past week. The Carolla Brothers are announced for 23. No departures.

CROWDED HOUSES were the order at the Barton Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., the past week, the principal attraction being the sparring match between Charles McDonald of Canada and Ben Hogan of Syracuse. Both are big, powerful men, and the blows delivered were by no means light. There has been nothing of the kind seen in this city for a long time, and the audience was, as a consequence, large and very enthusiastic. On Saturday night Ben Hogan took a benefit, which proved a financial success, and the citizens have tendered a grand complimentary to Chas. McDonald at Shakespeare Hall 28. The new faces in the olio consisted of the De Forrests—Frank and Josie—Dutch comiques. They are good in their business, and have an excellent dialect. They have been re-engaged for another week. Departures: Rosa Lee, for New York. Arrivals 23: Kine Bros., Alice Sommers, the Foster Sisters, and Cummings and Hines. Prof. Albert Webb, pianist, has been added to the octobers.

LE GRAND is requested to communicate with Harry Moore, whose address find elsewhere.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS desiring engagements at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., are referred to Manager Stetson's advertisement. Combinations can also make engagements to play there on good sharing terms.

THE CRESCENT, St. Louis, Mo., has done a good business since last report. Tito Cellini's new ballet of "L'Estelle d'Andalucia" was produced Oct. 15, and proved to be the best of the season. The new scene, painted by T. C. Noxon, deserves mention. The other new features of the week were the serio-comic songs of Maggie Gray, the ballad-singing of Bertha Rowe, the musical sketch of the Pascal Sisters, who were enthusiastically applauded, and the songs of Amy Roberts. Miss Rowe retired after the first night. Bel Muab was advertised, but could not appear, he having been suddenly taken ill in Omaha. He is announced for 22, together with Maude De Lisle and the twin sisters French. Jem Mace and Tom Allen appear 24, 25. Murphy and Shannon close 21.....Johnny Max was the only arrival at the Varieties. The entire company close 21—Ben Browne, Wheeler's New York Statue Troupe, and Lester and Williams, for Chicago; Luando and Berry, to join Dan Rice's Show; destination of the others unknown. Announced for 21 are Harry Montague, Carrie Duncan, Will H. Shows and his troupe of educated dogs, Gibson and Binney, Lew and Frank Collins, May Antonio, Maggie Louise, Leonie Forrest, George Forrest, and others. B. J. McLaughlin remains as stage-manager..... Della Ferguson, serio-comic vocalist, was added to the company at Looney's 15. The other features of the programme were the specialties of George Dempster, Allie Smith, Johnny Clark, Fannie Kennan, and Tommy White. The Austin Brothers close 21.....The old swimming-school on Rheumatism street has been transformed into a theatre, and is this week occupied by a band of Colored Jubilee Singers. Letter dated Oct. 20.

AT ORCHESTRION HALL, Detriot, Mich., Miss Martelle and Harry Stanwood were the only new ones Oct. 16. The former is a very good vocalist; the latter is too well known to eulogize; he was received in handsome style. We made a mistake in our last in attributing a poor voice to J. H. Graham and a good one to Jennie Ward, whereas we intended it to have been vice versa. These two artists close 21, going to Buffalo; also Mlle. and Henry Dowed. Opening 23 are Harry Thorne, Neil Burgess and the Crimmins Brothers.....At Mozart Hall the changes are Flora Moore and James Collins, closing to-night, for Cleveland; and Dick Mack and Anna Rosenthal, to begin 23.....Several new ones came to the Theatre Comique on the 16th. Pat Reilly, a good Irishman; Emerson and Clark, song-and-dance men of the first water; and Miss Nully Pieris, the dashing vocalist, who met with great favor in her operatic melodies.....Billy Pastor's troupe plays at the Opera-house Nov. 3 and 4. Letter of 21.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., fair-sized audiences have witnessed a good olio bill. The fresh appearances—the Misses Josephine Shanley, Victoria Reynolds, and Sheehan and Jones—have succeeded in pleasing. The departures with the week are Harry Montague, to St. Louis; the Rays, to Buffalo; Remmelsburg and Corsi, to Cincinnati; and Frank Jones, to the Museum. Sheehan and Jones, Goss and Fox, Josephine Shanley, Victoria Reynolds, Ida Devere, and the Carle Sisters remain. To open are arrivals for 23 are Niles and Evans and Curry and Fox. Dominick Murray opens 30.....At the Coliseum an excellent programme has resulted in a profitable business. The Morosco Family, Worden and Mack, Marie Louise Andre, Gus Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—Adan Richmond, Watson and Ellis, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Alecia Jourdan, Harry Kennedy, and Master Martin.....Then there is the opening of the enlarged Boylston Museum, which takes place Oct. 23, and which seems likely to be quite an event in variety circles. T. H. Plummer is to be manager, Charles H. Yale stage-manager, T. E. Jeffery musical-director, E. E. Reynolds treasurer, and W. H. Whitenect business-manager. The list of names for the opening includes the Misco Family, the Hennessey Brothers, Carroll and Barry, Bob Allen, Charles Yale, Will J. Stanton, the Carleton Sisters, and the Female Minstrels.....Tom Lowry leased Turne Haile for a variety hall in this Winter, but the authorities would not allow it to be opened, it not having sufficient means of egress in case of fire.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was filled to overflowing every night during the past week. The new features on the 16th were the Senwahs in their revolving globes and juggling acts, Sheppard and Whitney in songs-and-dances, Master Tommy Fish in cornet-solos, Christine Percy in old-time vocal selections, Julia Wilson in serio-comic songs, and Den Thompson as Joshua Whitcombe in the burlesque of that title. In addition to the performance on the silver-toned glasses, Mons. Giovanni introduced his cage of performing canaries. They are the best-trained birds that we have ever seen exhibited. Jake Budd's new negro burlesque "The Two Men of Sandy's Bar" was produced for the first time, and proved a success, John Robinson as Blackpepper Starbucket making a decided hit. The departures Oct. 21 were Den Thompson, Julia Wilson, the Freeman Sisters, and Signor Giovanni. Announcements for Oct. 23: Julian Kent and the trained bear Julia, Barney Reynolds, Healy and Saunders, John and Annie Tudor and Frank George. Advices of Oct. 22.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS and sensational dramatic stars can always secure good engagements at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., if their acts and dramas are attractive and suitable. Address Manager Gilmore, as per advertisement.

AT HEUCK'S HALL, Cincinnati, O., a first-class novelty is wanted to open Oct. 28; also a serio-comic vocalist. Good performers can secure engagements at all times. A ladies' gallery has been erected in this hall. For further particulars see card.

THE NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week were Connors and Kelly, Miss Lizzie Shelton, Fo te e, and Lillian Howard Departures 21: Howard and Holmes and Amel's Dean, to Grand Rapids; Hattie Ellis, to Toledo; and Charles O. Seaman to New York. Arrivals 23: The Vaidis Children, Murphy and Mack, Louise Ranse, Kate Claire, Alice Lee, and Jim McGwine.....The Tivoli has closed as a variety theatre.

THOSE FOND OF VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS seem likely to have a good thing of it this week, wrote our Boston, Mass., correspondent, continuing: "In the first place the Howard Athenæum is to be occupied by the Alice Oates Troupe, who give 'Girofle-Girofla' Monday and Tuesday, 'Madame Angot's Daughter' Wednesday and Thursday, and 'The Pretty Perfumer' Friday. In the meanwhile John Stetson takes possession of Beethoven Hall, and announces a very strong entertainment, including such names as Maffit, Schoolcraft, Coes, the Big 4—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—Adan Richmond, Watson and Ellis, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Alecia Jourdan, Harry Kennedy, and Master Martin.....Then there is the opening of the enlarged Boylston Museum, which takes place Oct. 23, and which seems likely to be quite an event in variety circles. T. H. Plummer is to be manager, Charles H. Yale stage-manager, T. E. Jeffery musical-director, E. E. Reynolds treasurer, and W. H. Whitenect business-manager. The list of names for the opening includes the Misco Family, the Hennessey Brothers, Carroll and Barry, Bob Allen, Charles Yale, Will J. Stanton, the Carleton Sisters, and the Female Minstrels.....Tom Lowry leased Turne Haile for a variety hall in this Winter, but the authorities would not allow it to be opened, it not having sufficient means of egress in case of fire.

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THE REINFORCEMENTS at the Adelphi Theatre (late Newton's Varieties), Hartford, Ct., Oct 16, were McDermott and Sheehan, May Marshall, Fred and Emily Seigel, Georgie May, and La Petite Florence, a promising child in songs-and-dances and jigs. A marked improvement in the music was perceptible, brought about by the return of G. W. Pearson and his orchestra, who entered upon their fourth season at this theatre the past week. Lew Clapp is now the sole proprietor, he having purchased the entire interest in the place last week, and Johnny Shay will fill the position of amusement - director. E. Rosenbaum, formerly agent for Cal Wagner, and later for E. S. Washburne, has charge of the refreshment-room, and edits the advertising programme. Closures 21: Georgie May and La Petite Florence, to Newark; McDermott and Sheehan, to Brooklyn; and the Emmersons and Seigels, to Philadelphia. Announcements for 23: The Harrison Sisters, Minnie Gray, Lucy Adams, Guy Linton, Hawley and Noon, and the Levino Bros. Letter of Oct. 22.

AT SCHICKLING'S OPERA MUSIC HALL, Cincinnati, O., under the management of Chas. Shay, artists and combinations can secure dates by applying as per advertised address.

KATE RANOE is requested, through an advertisement, to send her address to W. J. Gilmore.

LUKE BRANT, Ethiopian comedian, dancer and specialty artist, will return East from San Francisco, Cal., about Oct 25, playing two weeks in Virginia City, Nev., and in Chicago, Ill., en route. Address care of this office.

J. E. GREEN, the well-known minstrel performer, is now director of the Tivoli Theatre, Danville, Ill.

GEORGE AND CHARLES REYNOLDS, song-and-dance men, are ill with smallpox in San Francisco, Cal.

FRANK KIMBALL, banjoist, stump-orator and comedian, can be engaged; and he also advertises for a partner to do negro business.

THE LOVENBERG FAMILY, musical artists, consisting of Charles, aged ten years, violin soloist; Lena, pianist and cornet-soloist; and Prof. M. Lovenberg, flutist, can be engaged. Address as per card in another department.

G. B. HARCOURT and Kate O'Connor, character duettists, are now performing at the Canterbury Palace Music Hall, London, Eng., and at Crowder's, Greenwich, every evening.

THE MENDELS, Dutch artists, now performing in Toledo, O., commence an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Oct. 30. Address care of this office.

AT MCDANIELS' THEATRE, Cheyenne, Wy. T., the company includes Frank and Carrie Lavarnie, Lizzie Harmon, Lizzie Warren, Mlle. Cerito, Ella Newell, Mlle. Aubury, Miss Bartel, Master Harry, Little Lizzie, J. M. Martin, Walter Parks, and George Summerfield. On Oct. 13 Fanny Garretson and Dick Brown left for Custer City.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted for a traveling company, and Mons. Ventini, Mlle. Zuletta and the Nunn Brothers are requested to address Fred Harris, as per advertisement.

MANCHESTER AND JENNINGS, who have been re-engaged for four weeks at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., state that their first open date is March 12.

CHARLES GARDNER in his Ethiopian specialties desires an engagement. See card.

VARIETY NEWS from Cincinnati to Oct. 20, as sent by our correspondent, runs as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 16 were J. D. Kelly, the musical-instrument smoke, whose solos and imitations on the concertina, xylophone, banjo, violin, etc., met with great favor; Reed and Nell, whose songs-and-dances took well; Ida Greenfield, a neat little song-and-dance lady; Lew Davenport, an excellent gymnast, and Tom Murray in Irish songs. Nat Hyams appeared as Winonie, in 'The Red Avenger,' which was easily recognizable as a condensation of 'The Octoroon.' The afterpiece was a pantomime put on by the Boisett Family. Business has improved considerably under the new management. Departures 21: Boissetts and Mlle. Beslle, for Heuck's Hall, this city; Barrie Durrell, for Schickling's; D'Alve Sisters, for Loewen Garden Hall; and Tom Murray. To open 23: Fannie Kent, Frankie Sidney, Davenport Brothers, F. A. Randolph, Florence Davis, and Charles Edwards.....The new people at Schickling's Music Hall 16 were Emil Goroux, Mlle. Adelina, Add Weaver Jr., and William Butler. Closings: John Fisher and Blanche Trehan. Emil Goroux does a fine dancing-barrel act, and in conjunction with Mlle. Adelina gives an excellent exhibition of jugglery. Messrs. Weaver and Butler figured to advantage in several Ethiopian sketches. New people announced for 23: Arnold Brothers and Barrie Durrell; 30: Jennie Eagan, Josie Farron, H. W. Eagan, Louise Bliss and H. B. Hodges. Business good..... At Heuck's Hall, Paddy and Louise Murphy were the new faces 16. Mr. Murphy made a pronounced hit in Irish specialties. Business big. Departures 21: Fannie Kent, to National; Perry Brothers, to Louisville; and Vaidis Sisters, to Cleveland. To open 23: Boisett Family, Mlle. Reslie, John Peachy, and Mlle. Lea.....The new appearances 16 at Loewen Garden Hall were William Fontaine the contortionist; Millie Estelle, serio-comic; Blanche Trehan, vocalist; and W. J. Daley, concertina-soloist. S. F. Barnard, Jerry Cowana, Hugh McNanny, Hassan Sisters, and Clara Belmont are also here. The Hassan Sisters are to appear 23.....No new appearances at the Eldorado Theatre Comique this week. Hicks and Ashton and Alice McGowan are to open next (this) week..... The only new face at the Adelphi this week has been Blanche Daly, vocalist."

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, a varied entertainment attracted an excellent attendance during the week ending Oct. 21, the new faces being Miss Jesnette Lewis, Nellie Sandford and Frank Emerson. Maud Arnelia and Frank Harrison are announced to open Oct. 23. Performers are advertised for.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, under the business-management of John R. Lane, we have to record crowded houses, as usual, during the week ending Oct. 21. The new faces were the Bowers Brothers, gymnasts; Tommy Haywood, eccentric comedian; and Miss Julia Bennett, danseuse. The Marcella Brothers, Fred and Emily Siegel, Harry McAvoy, Belle Cushing and Annie Harrison commence engagements here on the 23d inst. They will produce a new drama entitled "From the Bridal to the Gibbet."

ISAAC ACHESON'S WASHINGTON-STREET VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., opened to a jammed house Oct. 14. In the first-part Miss Ella Stowe sang "I'll Remember You," Mack in My Prayers," Miss Wray sang "Did You Call, Mamma?" Ida Wallace, "The Flower of Kildare;" La Pauline, "Speak to Me, Love, Only Speak." The olio consisted of a sketch, "The Wrong House," by Messrs. Davidson, Wild and Adams; songs, "Not Before Pa," "Gliding Down the Stream," by Ella Stowe; song-and-dance and jig by La Pauline; songs, "True to the Core," "Jim Fisk," by Viola Wray; "Tommy, Make Room for Your Auntie," "Nicodemus," by Ida Wallace; a banjo-solo and stump-speech by Joel Davidson, the latter something new and fine; Billy Bryant played on about fifteen different musical instruments. Marsh Adams is stage-manager. Ida Bryant was to have commenced Oct. 19.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Comique, Toledo, O., were the Mendels, who appeared in Dutch acts, etc. Geo. Wright had a benefit Oct. 20, which drew a large audience. Closing 21: Searles. Beggs, and Master Haney, to Detroit (F. T. Beggs was called home 16 by a dispatch saying his father was dying. He received a paralytic stroke a short time ago. He is the City Auditor of Wilmington, Del.). Welby and Pearle, the Detroit Chas. F. and Minnie Rafon join Austin's Vaudeville and Dramatic Company. Opening 23: Dan and Flora Mason, Petrie and Fish, and Walter Fletcher.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week was very large. On Saturday evening many were unable to gain admittance. The new people 16 were Gilday and Ginliven, who have proved themselves artists in their line. Alice Gleason was announced, but failed to appear. The departure 21 was Jacobs and Gibson and Binney gave a double-clog and were recalled. Miss Herndon, a local celebrity sang a serio-comic song, which failed to please. Departures 21: Leslie and Avery, probably to Chicago; Taylor, Green and Taylor, and Gibson and Binney, to St. Louis, Mo.; Frankie Lee, Indianapolis. Miss Herndon retires from the profession. Billed for 23: W. H. Snyder. Miss Annie Fox, Perry Brothers and Miss Lydia Ross. Letter of Oct. 19.

MAMIE FRENCH, serio-comic vocalist and balladist is at present performing at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES W. YOUNG, Ethiopian comedian and eccentric specialty artist, who has just closed a six weeks' engagement at Heuck's Hall, Cincinnati, O., is now performing at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich.

EMERSON AND CLARK, song-and-dance, who are favorably spoken of by Detroit papers, are now engaged at the Theatre Comique, that city. Their address and future engagements are published in another column.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Zanesville, O., is now open for the season, and Stage-manager E. B. Stevens advertises for lady vocalists and other performers.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., will be opened Nov. 13. Artists desiring engagements are requested to address Manager J. J. Kirkatrick, as per card. An orchestra of five pieces is also wanted.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, late Oriental, Baltimore, Md., will be opened for the Fall and Winter season Oct. 23. Chris. Otto is stage-manager, and Harry Miller business and stage manager. First-class talent is wanted. See advertisement.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces on the 16th inst. were the Russian Athletes—George Dunbar, Wash Antonio, C. J. Gregory, and Natalio Lowande—an excellent gymnastic act; Miss Adele Leonard in operatic vocalism; John Pendy in his clever serio-comic sketches; and Pauline Parker in songs-and-dances, the above-named fresh features meeting with approval. Jimmy and Dollie Emerson and Bobby Pastor on the 23d inst.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the fresh features presented last week were the La Rue Family in a double clog and a very good acrobatic act; Miss Mamie French's vocal efforts; John Reiley's Irish songs, which were literally applauded; Williams and Walker's clever clog-dancing; George W. Smith's new ballet of "The Seven Passions," in which Mlles. Lupo, Leontine, Christine Robinson and the Clinetop Sisters appeared to advantage in their graceful terpsichorean evolutions, concluding with the burlesque of "Fra Diavolo" with the Blonde Wig," in which Harry Allen gave an amusing representation of the title-role, and Jacques Kruger gave an admirable burlesque representation of the stage tyrant, Huckshaft. Business very good. The Clarke Brothers—Richard and Thomas Hughes—Mlle. Estelle, Mlle. Nelcy, Miss Florence Percy, Griffin and Rice, and Charles Gardner open on the 23d inst.

THE SISTER of the late Amanda Lee wishes a correction made in the report that the latter was in a destitute condition, and states that she was living at her (sister's) residence, and that by all the comforts of life. We willingly make the desired explanation, premising that the reports at and about the time of her decease were gleaned from trustworthy parties, and based on letters from the lady herself.

LIEUT. CROTT and a detachment of police made a raid on an unlicensed variety show in the basement of the premises Ninth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Oct. 21, and arrested the proprietor, Charles Steube, and his troupe of performers. Steube was held in $300 bail for a further hearing, and the rest of the party were discharged.

LADY PERFORMERS and other artists can secure engagements at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., by addressing as per advertisement.

NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., has been purchased by Lew Clapp, who has changed the name to the Adelphi Theatre. Johnny Shay is director of amusements. Performers desiring engagements are referred to the proprietor's card.

STEWART'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Philadelphia, closed its variety season under the old regime Oct. 21, and will be reopened as a family resort on the 23d, with a company including Tom Chapman, Chas. Chrisdie, Alfred Martinetti, Mlle. Lotta Horton, Signor Elvino, Fred Mackley, Mlle. Olympia, Henri De King, Naoni, Leongro and Mack, Annie Worland, Stewart, Davis, and entire new ballet troupe under the direction of Louis Szollossy. J. P. Johnson will act as stage-manager, and J. C. (Fattie) Stewart will manage as heretofore.

J. H. BROWN has written a Dutch act, containing songs and a dance, entitled "Katrina's Little Game." It has been published by Robert M. De Witt, No. 33 Rose street, in this city.

THE VICTORELLIS—Henry and Eldon—and Annie Braddon commence an engagement in Newark, N. J., Nov. 6, and then travel with the Heywood Brothers for the season. Address care of this office.

BOB MACK, dramatic and variety agent, Cincinnati, O., publishes in our advertising department a list of well-known performers who can be engaged through his agency.

MATT MORGAN'S NOVELTY COMPANY appeared in Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 19, to a fair-sized audience. The company go East as far as Manchester, N. H., doubling their route on their return.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at the White House Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., are requested to address L. Sproul, manager.

THE BARLOW BROS., song-and-dance artists, are now performing at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in their specialty of "Sarties Jane."

LILLIE HALL, serio-comic vocalist and comedian, begins an engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 30.

PROF. PARKER AND DOGS are now performing at the Parisian Circus, Philadelphia, Pa. In a card elsewhere, Prof. Parker gives a description of the feats accomplished by his six performing dogs, and other particulars. They will appear at the Olympic Theatre, this city, Oct. 30.

MME. DUCLOS' COMPANY closed their second week at Breneiser's Hall, Reading, Pa., Oct. 21, and will continue the season there until further notice. The entertainment is reported as having done an excellent business in that town.

WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., after a week of light patronage, closed its doors Oct. 14. It will probably be reopened when the season has further advanced.

T. M. HENGLER desires that all letters shall be addressed to him care of City Hotel, corner of Broadway and Eighth street, this city, instead of as per advertisement in another column.

TWO SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS and lady performers are wanted for Heywood Brothers' Combination. Address Wm. Heywood as per card.

NOBLE SMITH, with his trained dogs now performing at the Theatre Comique, this city, begins an engagement at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 30. He advertises a few open dates.

LILLIAN FORBES, balladist and serio-comic vocalist, can be addressed care of this office.

BUSH PASTOR'S COMBINATION will visit Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 27, 28, Erie, Pa., 30, Cleveland, O., 31, Nov. 1, Toledo 2, and Detroit, Mich., 3, 4.

BILLY WILIE, who is favorably spoken of by Manager Trimble of Pittsburg Pa., in a card in another column, opens at the Olympic Theatre, this city, Oct. 30.

JAMES HETWOOD'S New York Serenaders performed at Montreal, Can., Oct. 18, 19, Cornwall 20, Ogdensburg, N. Y., 21, and are billed for Ottawa, Canada, 23, Brockville 24, Kingston 25, Napanee 26, Belleville 27, Coburg 28, Peterboro 29, Lindsay 31. The company consists of Le Grand, character artist; A. J. Whitcomb, harpist; Thomas and Heeney, the Gallatti Sisters, Norma Whitcomb, Kate Maguire, Billy Peel, J. H. Creswell, Horace Moore, J. A. Ryder, E. J. Shattuck, John Conway, Julius Kent, George Makepeace and John Hopwood. The troupe travels by rail, and will visit the principal cities of Canada before commencing a Western tour. Montreal, Canada, and Iowa journals speak of their performances as follows:

The New York Serenaders had another crowded house last evening, and were rapturously applauded in their several specialties. The performance was one of the best of the kind ever given in this city.—*The Montreal Gazette*, Oct. 20.

There was a very large audience at City Hall at the entertainment of the New York Serenaders, and the general verdict was most favorable one. The various members of the company acquitted themselves admirably, and received the frequent and hearty applause of the audience.—*The Burlington Free Press*, Oct. 16.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE GALVESTON (TEXAS) OPERA-HOUSE reopened after a two weeks' recess on Oct. 16, the attraction being Callender's Georgia Minstrels, who have drawn well. The colored population took entire possession of the dress-circle and galleries, while the parquet has been occupied by the elite of the city. Bob Height and Billy Kersands in their specialties are deserving of special mention. They received a benefit Oct. 20.

JAMES HETWOOD'S New York Serenaders performed at Montreal, Can., Oct. 18, 19, Cornwall 20, Ogdensburg, N. Y., 21, and are billed for Ottawa, Canada, 23, Brockville 24, Kingston 25, Napanee 26, Belleville 27, Coburg 28, Peterboro 29, Lindsay 31. The company consists of Le Grand, character artist; A. J. Whitcomb, harpist; Thomas and Heeney, the Gallatti Sisters, Norma Whitcomb, Kate Maguire, Billy Peel, J. H. Creswell, Horace Moore, J. A. Ryder, E. J. Shattuck, John Conway, Julius Kent, George Makepeace and John Hopwood. The troupe travels by rail, and will visit the principal cities of Canada before commencing a Western tour. Montreal, Canada, and Iowa journals speak of their performances as follows:

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There was a very large audience at City Hall at the entertainment of the New York Serenaders, and the general verdict was most favorable one. The various members of the company acquitted themselves admirably, and received the frequent and hearty applause of the audience.—*The Burlington Free Press*, Oct. 16.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE GALVESTON (TEXAS) OPERA-HOUSE reopened after a two weeks' recess on Oct. 16, the attraction being Callender's Georgia Minstrels, who have drawn well. The colored population took entire possession of the dress-circle and galleries, while the parquet has been occupied by the elite of the city. Bob Height and Billy Kersands in their specialties are deserving of special mention. They received a benefit Oct. 20.

HARRY PIERSON, male soprano and female specialty artist, can be addressed as per advertisement.

LEW BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS gave entertainments in New Haven, Ct., Oct. 19, Norwich 20, New London 21, and are billed in Providence, R. I., 23, Fall River, Mass., 24.

CHARLEY BACKUS, one of the comanagers of the San Francisco Minstrels, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 17th of October, at the Church of St. Matthias, Nineteenth and Wallace streets, Phil

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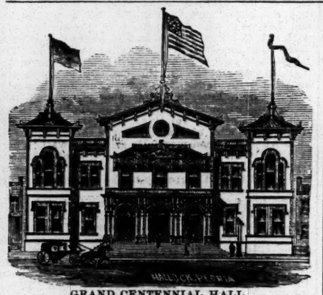

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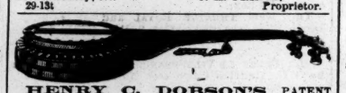

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